TWOPENCE.
Vol. LIV.
1424.

SECRET INQUESTS: A WARNING SEE PAGE 9

JOHN BULL

PHILIPS 1934 RADIO

TYPE 634 has the simplest and most efficient tuning system ever devised. A special station identification chart gives the tuning key to nearly 100 programmes. Turn the micrometer dial to the key of the required station and it is immediately received. And automatic fading compensation keeps the weakest programme at even volume. TYPE 634A for A.C. mains or by 12 monthly payments of £1. 11. 0 each.

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EXAMINE THESE SEVEN FEATURES OF PHILIPS 634

- A hundred programmes — but only one at a time.
- Simplest and most accurate station identification.
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- Complete freedom from local heterodyne whistles.
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BEFORE BUYING YOUR NEW RECEIVER

you will then know Radio at its best

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Philips Lamps Limited, 145, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2.

COUPON *To* Philips Lamps Ltd., Philips House, 145 Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2.

Please send me particulars of the new Philips range of Superinductance Receivers.

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PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your spare time, every kind; good profits; 176-page Catalogue free. MAY (153), George St., Birmingham.

FREE PRICE LIST for dealers and Beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A., 39, Houndsditch, LONDON, E.C.3.

HOSIERY, Underwear, Drapery, Frocks, etc. Factory prices. 50% profit. No risk. Any quantity. Catal. and partics. free.—London Textiles, Ltd., Broadway Chambers, Hammersmith, W.6.

DRAPERY, Hosiery, Underwear & Boots. Illus. Catlg. for Credit Drapers and Beginners post free; keenest prices (wholesale only). — M. Morris, 110-113, Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

NEW 80-page Autumn and Winter Wholesale Drapery Catlgs. post free. Perfect and repeatable goods of quality and value. Keenest prices. All depts., Ladies', Men's, Child's, Household, Boots & Shoes. Satis. gn'd. W'sale only to trade. Myers & Co. (L. & H.), Ltd., 7, Trinity St., Leeds.

ENTERPRISING RETAILERS! Make *John Bull* your salesman, and display your goods in the famous "Shop Window." See pages 3 & 33. Regularly studied by men and women in all walks of life. The most economical way of reaching a nation of buyers. Every offer backed by *John Bull*. For proof of pulling power, and advice on how to advertise, write to The Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Dept. (Room B.), *John Bull*, 57/59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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JUST PUBLISHED! John Noble's latest and greatest Book has set everybody talking. JOHN NOBLE'S WANT ORGANISERS OF WEEKLY CLUBS. The Ideal Club leads! Generous commission for Organisers. Unbeatable Bargains for Members. Established over 60 years. Thousands of enthusiastic organizers. Don't hesitate, send P.C. NOW for 396-page FREE MONSTER BOOK. JOHN NOBLE, LTD. (Dept. A.7), MANCHESTER.

AGENTS WANTED (either sex) to sell Private Christmas Cards. No outlay. Magnificent New Designs Sample Book Free. A real, live, money-making book, miles ahead of all competitors, filled from cover to cover with cards to suit all tastes. Maximum Commission. Valuable prizes.—Apply, Denton, Ltd., Dept. D.18, Accrington.

50/- BONUS and Commission paid on 20 weeks club. You can earn bigger money by becoming a "Britannic" Agent for 1/- weekly clubs. Commission paid weekly. Send p.c. for Catlg., 238 pages, Bedding, Furniture, Footwear, Drapery, etc.—Britannic Household Supply Co., Ltd. (Dept. 90), Cheetwood Rd., Manchester, 8.

FREE GIFTS for Christmas Club Agents. Big commission. Splendid prizes. Catalogue free. F. J. TATE, Neville Street, LEEDS.

XMAS CLUBS — GREATLY INCREASED COMMISSIONS. Entire satisfaction guaranteed. Highest Commission all standard lines Chocolates, Cigarettes, Fancy and Household Goods, Toys, Personal Wear.—HANDSOME GIFT every Agent and special CASH BONUS.—MIDLAND CONFECTIONERY (Dept. 43), SHIPLEY.

OPPORTUNITY TO EARN REAL MONEY! CRISP NOTES waiting to be paid for simply showing your friends our huge CHRISTMAS and 1/- per week BARGAIN CLUB CATALOGUES. It's simplicity itself to form a club. We supply everything.—Write for FREE CATALOGUES to G. A. WATSON, 137, ALBION ST., LEEDS.

WANTED, 2,000 Agents for Britain's Best Xmas Club. Chocs., Xmas Novelties, Cigs., Wearing Apparel, etc. Cat. free. Generous comm. paid.—Write, Market Confectionery Co., Ltd., 388, Corn Exchange Bldgs., Manchester, 4.

AGENTS Wanted to Sell the Famous CASTLE SERIES Christmas Cards. BIG PROFITS CERTAIN. Sample Book, containing Pictures of old English Orthodoxals, Choice Notepapers, Calendars on Wood Stands, etc., SENT FREE. Highest Commission. Valuable Prizes Given.—Apply CASTLE PUBLISHING CO., 80, Anchor Court, Preston.

THE "ROYAL LONDON" Series of Private Greeting Christmas Cards, issued by London Publishers, far excels anything on offer to Agents. Free Sample Book and highest commission allowed.—Call or write, Dept. 5, THE LONDON FINE ART ASSOCIATION, 11, Tavistock Square, LONDON, W.C.1.

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Couldn't you do with extra hard Cash? Here's a simple way to add to your income.

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THE PROGRESSIVE FIRM.

27 YEARS' RECORD OF SUPREMACY HAS MADE THE BALMORAL SAMPLE BOOK OF PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS AND CALENDARS THE LEADING COLLECTION. 1933 EDITION IS A REVELATION IN NOVELTIES, CONTAINING ANTIQUE METAL, MAJOLICA AND OLD ENGLISH DESIGNS, ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS, CELLO TINSEL, PURSE CALENDARS, IMITATION OIL PAINTINGS, DESIGNS AND CARDS FOR EVERY TASTE. DEAL WITH ACTUAL MANUFACTURERS, WHO GIVE UNBEATABLE SERVICE AND ATTENTION. HIGHEST COMMISSION and valuable PRIZES. WRITE FOR FREE BOOK.—NO OUTLAY.—STEWARTS, DEPT. A., COMMERCIAL MILLS, BLACKBURN.

PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS. Agents wanted. THE LARGEST AND MOST SUCCESSFUL MANUFACTURERS offer FREE AND CARRIAGE PAID their new and remarkable Sample Book containing the most AMAZING COLLECTION OF CALENDARS, GREETING CARDS AND NOVELTIES ever OFFERED. YEARS AHEAD OF ALL COMPETITION! VERY SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT WALL CALENDAR; IMITATION IVORY MINIATURE; MAJOLICA PLAQUE; DELIGHTFUL ANIMAL STUDIES IN METAL AND COLOUR; IMIT. OIL PAINTING AND WATER COLOUR; CALENDAR BIRD WITH REAL FEATHERS; and everything the public desires; we offer UNRIVALLED COMMISSION AND PRIZES. — British Christmas Card Co., Dept. 835, Blackburn.

SPARE-TIME APPOINTMENT.—Large Mail Order Houses are open to enrol Organisers to form 1/- weekly Clubs. Liberal commission and profit shares. Send post-card for Catalogue and full particulars. — WORLDWIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES (Dept. J.B.33), Charles Street, Manchester, 1 (Branch of J. D. Williams Co., Ltd. (Est. 1876.)

EMPLOYMENT.

"WHY NOT BE A SALESMAN?" This was advice given to a man dissatisfied with his earnings and future prospects. The friend introduced him to Mr. Wallace Attwood, and to-day he is drawing £600 a year. Suitable men can be trained by Mr. Attwood by post in their spare time. Send to-day for 32-page book, "The Profession of Salesmanship," post free on request.—The Wallace Attwood College, 587, Bedford Row, W.C.1. (Chancery 7336.)

MOTOR DRIVERS. — COMMERCIAL AND PRIVATE Positions. The finest PRACTICAL training to standard R.A.C. Certificate at the lowest inclusive fee. Day or evening. Free Employment Dept. Call (9-7) or write, THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, 5, GOVERNTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W. (Corner Rupert Street, next Lyons' Corner House).

TAKE THIS HERB FOR YOUR CATARRH

I HAVE DISCOVERED A SIMPLE BUT WONDERFUL HERB WHICH FORMS PART OF MY PROVEN BALANCED TREATMENT FOR ALL FORMS OF DANGEROUS CATARRH.

Thousands are walking about with deadly catarrh and don't know it. Thousands are treating one "symptom" and imagine they are treating the "complaint." I will tell you where they are wrong with my new sample test. You can wash your nose with the best douche that was ever made—you can use worthless inhalants and medicaments and still be miles from treating the source of this dangerous disease.

Run through these symptoms—but don't fall into the error that any one of these is the complaint—they are only symptoms which manifest the urgent need of striking at this foul complaint directly at its source to clear it from the system.

Don't be under any illusion. Catarrh, with the complications that follow, is a very serious trouble. It is so tenacious that every day you leave it, it puts a stronger grip on your system that is more difficult to break.

Don't delay another minute, fill in coupon below and I will show you a simple and rational method of tackling this great problem once and for all. Never mind what you have tried or your previous disappointments, my plan is based on a "no relief no pay" principle, so that you have everything to gain and nothing to lose.

READ THESE TRIBUTES :—

(Originals may be inspected at my office.)

"Your Treatment has banished my Head Noises which were giving great trouble, and my hearing has greatly improved; thank you for your skilled and courteous attention."

(MR.) G. PINN, Bedhampton, Havant, Hants.

"I am certain your Treatment has cured my Catarrh and Deafness, also the terrible head noises I suffered with for years.

"Thank you for your attention."

(MR.) C. FLETCHER, 6, Stevens Road, Bacontree, Essex.

"The discharges have stopped, the tongue is clean, indigestion, constipation and sluggish liver a thing of the past. Your treatment is simply marvellous."

E. NIXON, 4, Offerton Street, St. Marks, Sunderland.

First get my free sample test and free treatise which will outline my plan and show that my simple, logical and inexpensive home treatment attacks Catarrh where it starts and breeds. Give this dread disease marching orders, clear it right out of the system. Post coupon right away.

FREE TEST COUPON

To ARGUS SINCLAIR, J.B., 30/9/33.
91/F, Avenue Chambers, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

Please send me free sample test with full directions and Treatise Booklet. I enclose 1½d. stamp to cover postage.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

SAMPLE FREE

YOU HAVE CATARRH IF—

YOU HAVE HEAD NOISES.

YOUR HEARING IS FAILING.

Noises drops in your throat.

Nose is stuffed up.

You catch cold easily.

Your health is bad.

Your throat is sore.

You are subject to Hay Fever.

Memory is failing.

You tire quickly.

Tongue is coated.

You have pains after eating.

You are constipated.

You Mouth-breathe.

—BEWARE!

CLUB AGENTS.—Earn £5 cash on a 20-week 1s. club. Everything supplied. Also Xmas Clubs. Write for catlgs. and terms.—Valco Supply Co., Dept. J., 156B, Briggate, Leeds.

ABOUNDING in NOVELTIES. The 1933 edition "IMPERIAL ART" SERIES of Private Christmas Cards is full of SELLING DESIGNS: LUMINOUS SCENES, beautiful ANIMAL STUDIES, FLOWER CARDS, CELLULOIDS, CHOICE NOTEPAPERS, BOOKMARKS and MAGNIFICENT CALENDARS displaying Pictures by renowned Artists, "Gateway, Yorks," "The Departure," "The Toast," "Hunting Morn," "Isle of Love." Beautiful Garden Scenes and sentimental Pictures, SAILING SHIP IN IMITATION PORCELAIN and many other distinctive NOVELTIES. No enterprising Agent can afford to be without this real ORDER GETTER. HIGHEST COMMISSION and VALUABLE PRIZES given. Write at once for FREE SAMPLE BOOK and make this year your bumper year. LANCASTER PUBLISHING Co., Dept. 134, LANCASTER.

A BACKING OF £5 and 10s. in every £ com., half profit and many prizes; startling but true; an amazing book of irresistible designs. All new British Book of Private Xmas Cards, with full instructions how to make £20 Free and carriage paid. Dept. J.B., The Cleveland Press, 6, 7 and 8, Sycamore St., Old St., E.C.1.

WANTED, AGENTS for a really wonderful book of private Xmas greeting cards; something good; and we really do give 10s. in every £ com., a straight deal; half profit and prizes.—Dept. J.B., The London Card Co., 8 and 9, Little Sutton Street, E.C.1.

AGENTS.—Make a regular income selling amazingly better Standard double-edged Razor Blades. All British, 10 for 6d. Send 2d. for samp. and partics.—Rogers & Co., Ingatestone, Essex.

100 PERSONS Wanted, either sex, anywhere, for easy spare-time work. See centre of page 3 for details.

A PAYING Profession. Become a certificated Chiropodist. Write partics., Home Study Course, 3, School of Surgical Chiropody, Leatherhead.

CIVIL SERVICE.—For details of openings, age limits, salaries, entrance exams., etc., for all branches of the Service (either sex—aged 15 upwards), write for free Handbook to B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 29, Oxford Street, W.1.

WANTED by G.P.O. ENGINEERING DEPT., 6 young men, aged 17-23. No experience required. Good commencing salary. Details of entrance exam. from B.I.B.T. (Dept. 837), 29, Oxford Street, W.1.

POLICE.—For details of openings, pay and promotion in all Town and Country Forces (ages 19-22; height over 5' 9"), write for Free Police Handbook, B.T.I., Dept. 837, 29, Oxford St., W.1.

CUSTOMS & EXCISE OFFICERS.—Ages 19-21. Commencing pay £3 6s. rising to £10 18s. per week. No experience required. Details of Entrance Exam. from B.T.I. (Dept. 891), 29, Oxford Street, W.1.

EARN £3-£6 weekly as a certificated Bookkeeper. Expert postal tuition. Fee £/- monthly. Free Employment Bureau. Success assured. Guide FREE. C. F. COLLEGE (DS), 32, Coleman Street, London, E.C. (Estd. 1903.)

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

CHEAP PRINTING.—1,000 Billheads from 3/6. Handbills, Cards, Posters. Results at Cheap Rates. Samps. free. Pearson's, Church Rd., Portsmouth.

MAIL ORDER TRADERS. — Advertisements inserted in 80 provincial newspapers or London Suburban 7/10. Weekly 5/6. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Advice free. Write for Prospectus 68, Holborn and Dickens, 291, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. (Chancery 8115.)

PERFUMES.—Many delightful (10,000 Handmade £/-). Catalogue, Perfumers' Books, low prices, samples 2d. Manns, Bath, Sandy.

USE THIS FREE SERVICE!—Retailers and wholesalers desirous of selling by post may have their advertisements originated and prepared for John Bull's "Shop Window" entirely free. Also advice on every phase of mail order selling. There is no charge and no question too much trouble. Apply on business letterheading. Address: The Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Dept. (Room A), *John Bull*, 57/59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPER DEBOIT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free. — West Riding WALLPAPER CO., 18, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

RUG Competition. Send for particulars and patterns. Rug Wool from 9d. lb. Knit, 1d. oz.—Newcastle Wool Co., Ltd. (Dept. 711), N/c-on-Tyne.

DEBOIT CHINA.—18 piece teasets, 2/7. Crates of Cups and Saucers, Plates, Jugs, Bowls, 12 6 to £10. Dinner and teasets free. Big bargain Catalogue free.—Direct Potters, Burslem.

WOLSEY MAKE. 4/11

Winter Weight Men's Pants or Vests soiled by very slight spot of oil from machinery. 2 9 per garment, post free.—H. E. WILLIS, 196 7, Redbourne Road, SWINDON.

CARNIVAL GOODS, Balloons, Hats, Novelties, etc. Dance organisers, send for free bargain list.—"Uneedus," 70-72, Arundel St., Portsmouth.

FOR GAUNTLETS for the cold weather—a luxury you can afford. See the remarkable bargain offered by The Sample Shoe and Glove Co. in this week's "Shop Window," page 3.

CHIMNEY SWEEPING and Drain Cleaning Machines, 12/6 complete. This bargain is illustrated in *John Bull's* "Shop Window," page 3.

A WONDERFUL new covering for Dance Floors, &c. Looks like Tiled Tops, 10 sq. ft. 15/-. Send for free samples and particulars to J. B. Andrews & Sons, Sutherland Rd., Walworth Rd., S.E.17.

FREE FILMS for Your Camera! Accept this genuine offer of the Greatepool Co. made in their advt. on page 33.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES, 20/-. 75 home-made garments. Worth £5. Handsome Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc., etc. Everything complete and ready to use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers, send 2/- for parcel on approv. (Bal. cash or terms.)—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 37, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

READERS' attention is drawn on p. 27 to the "Tenemire" brand Footwear advertised by John Wattie.

FREE.—Write for interesting booklet describing "Hard-as-Iron" Trousers. See p. 28.

FREE.—A new and patented Razor. Send 1/- for 4 "Shaver" Blades (usual shop price). Offer appears on p. 33.

WIRELESS & MUSICAL.

GRAMOS, Motors, Arms, Speakers, Horns, Parts, Springs, Repairs. Radio discounts allowed. List free.—Rosenthall, 139, Old St., Ldn., E.C.1.

MARKETING BY POST.

BEST TEA.—Cheapest Prices. Guaranteed Empire Blends. Packed or loose in small or large quant. Write for samps. & price lists. Victoria Tea Co., Arcade Chbs., 174a, Friar St., Reading.

TRADE direct from the Blenders at Wholesale Prices. Any quantities, loose or packed. Samps. and list free for packet Teas, Coffees free.—FOULTHEB, DANE PLACE, BOW, LONDON, E.3.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—"Artico" Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive Cure, by removing the cause. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous Bottle, or 1½d. stamps for details.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 84-86, Cosmos, Derby.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

BLADDER WEAKNESS, Kidney Trouble cured by Parker's Finest Remedy. 1/3, 3/-, Boots, etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool. Samps. 4d.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! The Books Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs; durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Can be worn free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (Dept. 711), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

AGED people find Allenburys Diet grateful and comforting. Send 2d. stamps for ½-lb. trial sample.—Allen & Hanburys, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.4), 37, Lombard Street, London, E.C.3.

PILES.

CARBINE, the new and latest successful remedy. Does not contain opium or any other dangerous drug. Full-sized Tube with special applicator, 2/6, post free.—CARBINE CHEMICAL CO., 1, Worgate, LAMARE, N.B. Estd. 1833.

DRE ALLAGENE for Blackheads and other skin ailments. Genuine Harmless Treatment, 1/-. D. Martin, 8, Orwell Terr., Dovercourt, Essex.

BLUSHING, NERVOUSNESS. — Don't waste money on useless patent medicines. Send 3d. for my book on the cure of weak nerves.—H. Rivers (J.B.3), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

TO Catarrh & Asthma sufferers. A free offer appears on the Back Cover. Fill in coupon now.

A FREE booklet on the treatment and diet for Rheumatism. Also free sample of Eade's Anodyne. The offer appears on p. 32.

SAMPLES of "Sor-Kol" Ointment, Pills, Medicated Soap, and "Dorp" Face Cream will be sent on receipt of the coupons (plus postage) appearing on p. 33.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. Bentley & Co., 65, New Bond St., London W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANY kind old Gold, Silver, Jewellery, Sovereigns, Diamonds, Old False Teeth, etc. BOUGHT. Highest cash per return.—Bull's, Headrow, Leeds.

HOW TO Dress WELL on 10s. or £1 per month. Open a Credit Account with SMARTWEAR. No references required. Write for Autumn and Winter Catalogue, also Gentlemen's Catalogue (to Dept. W.P.A.).—SMARTWEAR, Ltd., 338-346, Regent Street, London W.1.

FREE.—Your own lucky Talisman sent by return to cover postage. Absolutely free for 21 years. Send name, date and address. Test astrology.—Smith, 10, Ashley Gdns., Ashley Gdns., Westminster, S.W.1.

STOUTH A week with the 30/- Special Model by 5 days of simple payments. Fill in coupon on p. 18 for particulars.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. Bentley & Co., 65, New Bond St., London W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANY kind old Gold, Silver, Jewellery, Sovereigns, Diamonds, Old False Teeth, etc. BOUGHT. Highest cash per return.—Bull's, Headrow, Leeds.

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FREE.—Your own lucky Talisman sent by return to cover postage. Absolutely free for 21 years. Send name, date and address. Test astrology.—Smith, 10, Ashley Gdns., Ashley Gdns., Westminster, S.W.1.

STOUTH A week with the 30/- Special Model by 5 days of simple payments. Fill in coupon on p. 18 for particulars.

A NOVICE CAN ERECT.

Sent carriage paid. Complete ready for use in 6 sections to screw together. ½-in. planed moulded weatherboards. Planed framing. Roofing felt. Useful for storage, cycles, workshops, etc. Prompt dispatch on first payment. Balance monthly if satisfied.

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash Price.		
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	£2. 1.0	or	3/3 Monthly.
8ft.	5ft.	6 ft.	£2.16.0	or	5/1 Monthly.
10ft.	7ft.	6 ft.	£5. 6.0	or	7/8 Monthly.

Carr. paid. Send for Special Catalogue No. 42 of Sheds 30/- Garages 70/6, Army Huts, etc. Huge selections. 1,500 sizes and designs. Delivery to door arranged anywhere.

J. THORN & SONS, Ltd. (Box 42) Brampton Rd., Bexleyheath, Kent.

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

MORE GUARANTEED BARGAINS APPEAR ON PAGE 33.

FOR 1 WEEK ONLY AT COST

To advertise our catalogue, we offer you a smart rubber-soled moulded shoe at the cost price of 2/9, post 9d. To render waterproof, the stout rubber sole is moulded to the upper, making it impossible for the severest weather to penetrate. We guarantee months of hard service. Send for a pair now. Recommended for mechanics, country wear, golf, warehouse or smart City wear.

2/9 Stocked in Black or Tan. Post on 1 or 2 Pairs 9d., or C.O.D.

Money Back Guarantee. Sizes 6 to 11.

NUTTALL, 1, GOODMAYES, ILFORD

SPECIAL OFFER
CHIMNEY SWEEPING

and Drain Cleaning Machines. 30ft. Finest Quality Canes, fitted best brass screws and sockets 18 in. bass chimney brush. Carriage 1/6. Archimedean Drain Cleaner included. 12/6

Cash refunded if not satisfied.

Other sizes 30 ft. 12/6, 50ft. 22/6, 60ft. 29/-, 80ft. 35/-, 100ft. 45/-

These are best quality. Leaflet of Sweep's and Drain Tools POST FREE.

S. TYZACK & SON, Ltd. (J.B. 21), 341, 343 & 345, Old Street, London, E.C.1

AMAZING BARGAINS

NOW 16/6 OR 1/- WEEKLY

Ready for instant despatch. FULL-LENGTH BED CHAIRS, adjustable 3 positions, solid Oak frames, polished dark. 3 well-filled velvet cord cushions, any colour. Fitted with our comfortable SPRING SEATS, Patent No. 356995/30, guaranteed not to sag with wear. *Carriage and Packing England & Wales 2/6.* Call and inspect or send for new Coloured List J.

RELORD AND RADIO CABINET

Solid Oak frame. Beautifully finished in figured oak. Polished to a rich nut brown. Oxidised fittings to Cupboards. Size: 30ins. high, 18ins. wide, 16ins. deep. 17/6

Carr. and Packing England & Wales 2/6. Cheques or cross P.O.'s (no stamps) to:—

NORTH BUCKS DIRECT TRADING CO., Ltd., 18, Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly Circus, LONDON, W. 1.

WANTED

One hundred persons (either sex) who have the ambition to earn a nice sum from now until Christmas in their spare time.

Would you like some crisp £1 notes to spend just as you please? Then, if you are enterprising, you can have the thing you so much want this very Christmas by selling Private Christmas Cards to your friends and acquaintances. This is the way. Address a postcard to us asking for one of the beautiful Sample Books. This book and full particulars will be sent you by return of post, quite free of charge. Get a real, live, money-making book, filled from cover to cover with irresistible designs—hand-painted, animal studies, remarkable novelties in calendars, notepapers, bookmarks, new cut-out initial cards, etc., and other novelties in unsurpassed variety. This beautiful new edition-de-luxe is acknowledged by experts to be far ahead of anything previously issued. No risk. No outlay. Remuneration most generous, and many valuable prizes in addition.

Apply JOHN RENSHAW & SONS, LTD.,
Dept. R. 153, Climax Works, Accrington.

USEFUL EVERYBODY'S PENKNIFE

This combination POCKET KNIFE, fitted with sharp blade and useful implements (as illus.). Neat NICKEL-PLATED handle. Very strong and serviceable.

FREE

To induce you to try our marvellous standard 3-hole double-edge "LONGLIFE" Blades we are including this GIFT COMBINATION KNIFE absolutely FREE with all first orders for packet of ten of these SHEFFIELD STEEL Blades for 1/6, which includes post and packing. "LONGLIFE" Blades SHAVE BEST but COST LESS. Send NOW 1/6 for the 10 very superior Blades and this AMAZING INTRODUCTORY GIFT.

W. PENN Dept. K10, 682, Holloway Rd., LONDON, N.19

Established over 30 years.

FUR GAUNTLETS

Natural Coney 8/11 per pair, post paid, for ladies and gents. These magnificent fur gauntlets will keep your hands beautifully warm in the coldest weather. Made from extra strong first quality pliable skins. Fur lined inside cuff of gauntlet. Two or three seasons' wear, best value obtainable. Money refunded without question if they fail to give satisfaction. In following colours: 10/- pr. Beaver Coney, Mole, Black, Grey and Fawn Coney.

8/11 Per Pair

SAMPLE SHOE AND GLOVE STORES, Dept. 5, 206, Rye Lane, Peckham, London, S.E.15.

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Great British RUPTURE Treatment supported by MEDICAL PROFESSION.

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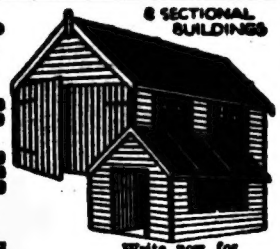

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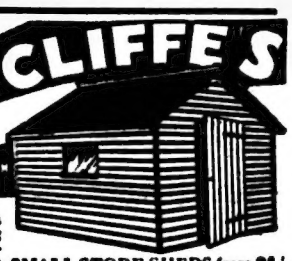

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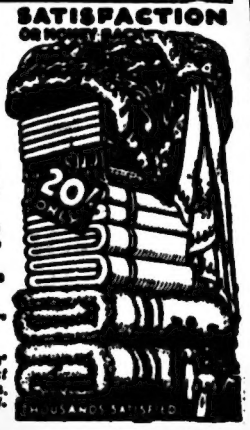

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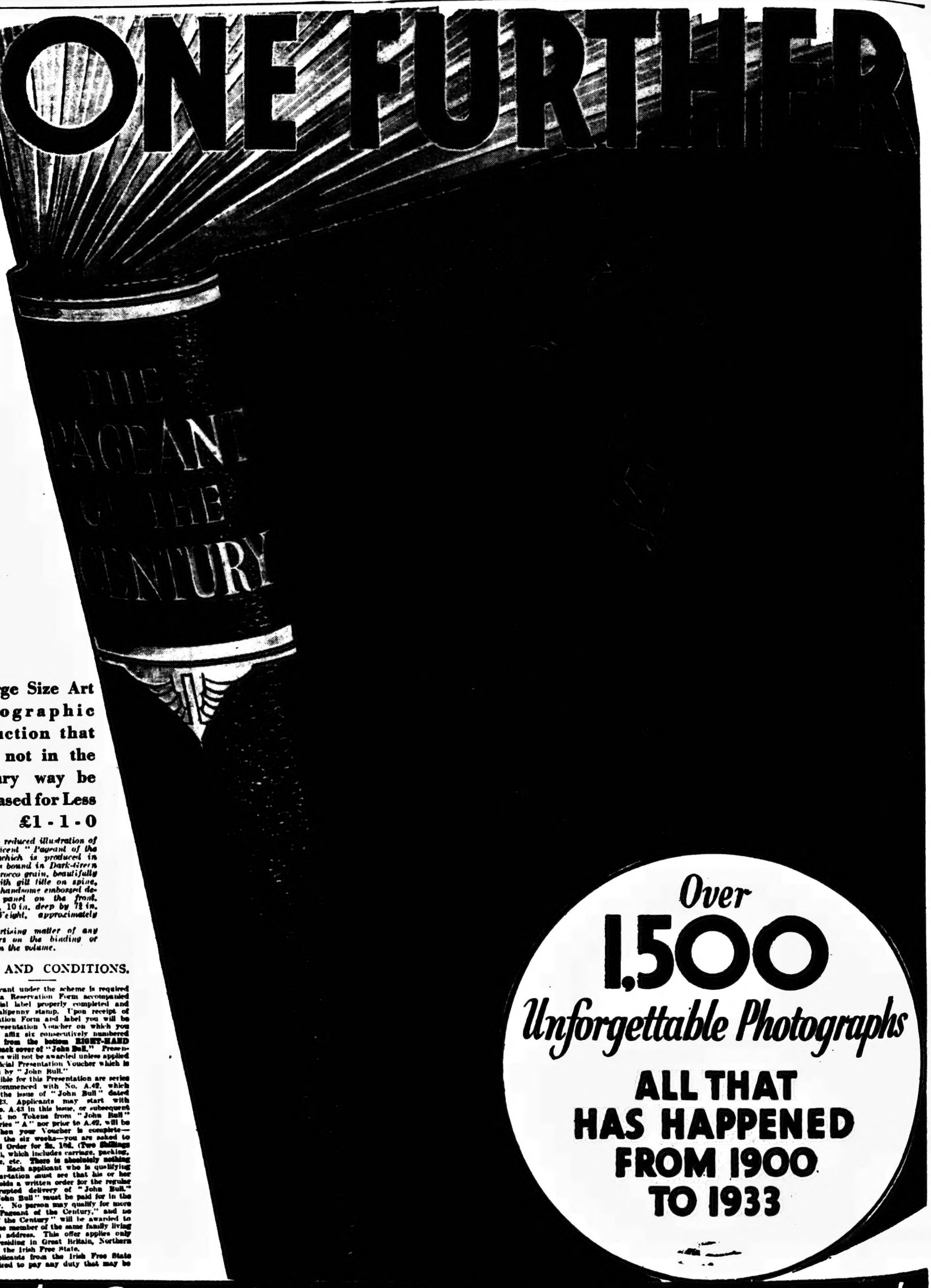

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From the very first picture to the very last word, this stupendous work will thrill and enthrall old and young alike, for there's no drama to equal real life, no fiction stranger than truth. It has something for everyone—for mothers and fathers, hosts of golden memories; for sons and daughters, a thousand inimitable glimpses of their parents' childhood days; and for younger folk still, a vivid survey of the recent past as instructive and fascinating as a whole library.

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Particular attention has been given to the binding and finish of this unique volume, the excellence and beauty of which ensure a lifetime of service and pleasure. It is produced in heavy stiff covers, bound in handsome Dark-Green Cloth of Morocco Grain. The title is richly embossed in full gilt on the spine and the volume bears a decorative embossed design and panel on the front. Actual size is 10 in. deep by 7¼ in. wide, **and the weight is approximately 3¼ lbs.**

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(NOEL COWARD).

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Signature .....

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Halfpenny Stamp must be firmly affixed here by YOU.

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A

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Reservation Form

This Form must be posted at once—no applications will be accepted in connection with this Presentation after first post Tuesday, Oct. 10.

To Dept. J.B.2, "JOHN BULL," 3, Arne Street, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

N.B.—Applicants must complete label on left. Affix halfpenny stamp only to space provided—send in label, together with this Reservation Form—give YOUR name and full postal address in Block Letters.

I WISH to apply, in accordance with the conditions of your special offer, for a Presentation Volume, "The Pageant of the Century." Please send me by return a SPECIAL VOUCHER on which to qualify for my Presentation volume. My newsagent (whose name and address are given below for verification purposes) holds a written order from me to deliver "John Bull" regularly each week.

Reader's Signature .....

Reader's Name ..... WRITE CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.
(State Mr., Mrs., or Miss.)

Address .....

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Name of Newsagent .....

Address .....

Date .....

Leave Blank. Checked and Verified.

District Supervisor.

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"John Bull," 30/9/33.

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2 VALVE RADIO

IN POLISHED BAKELITE, WALNUT FINISH

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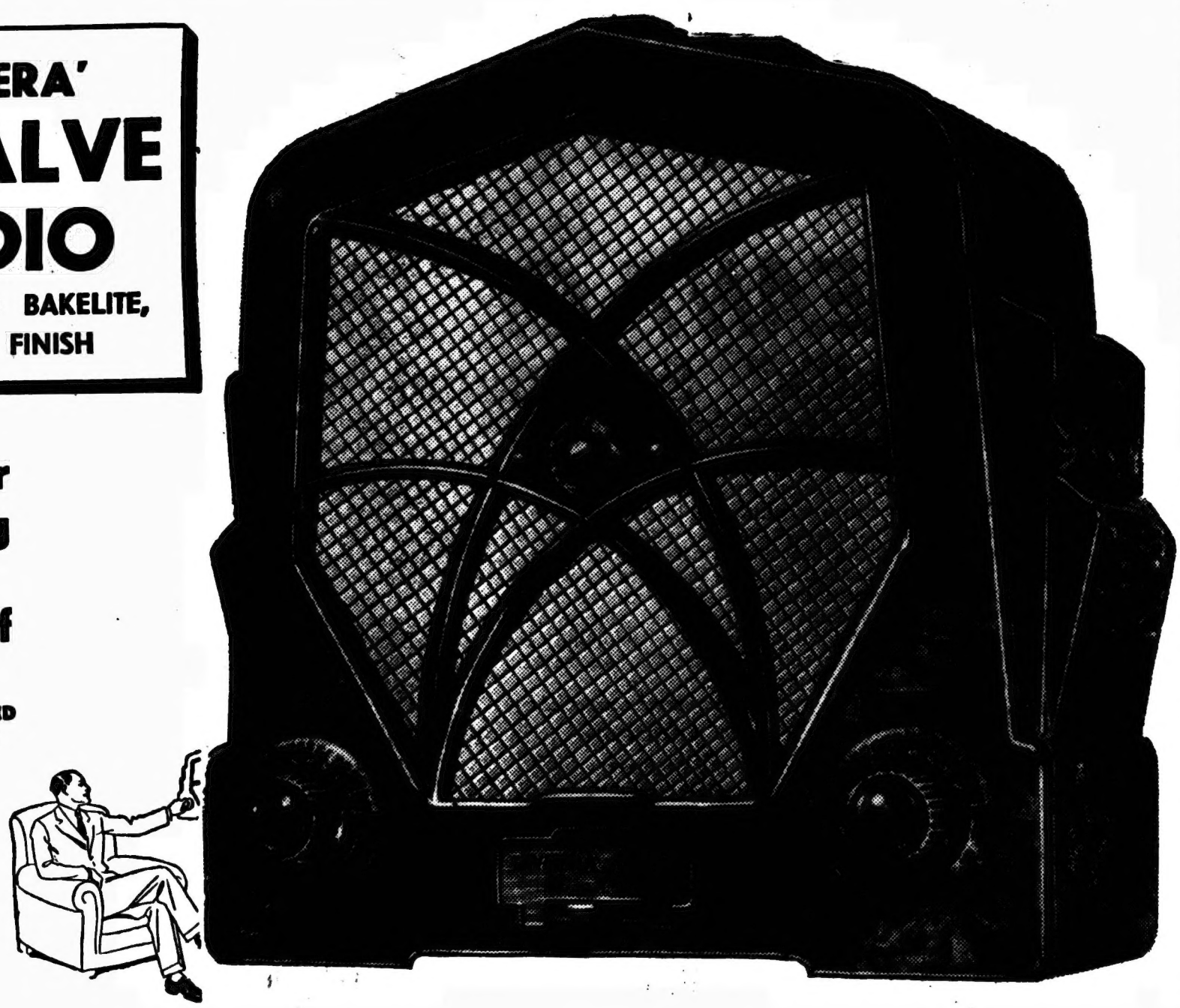

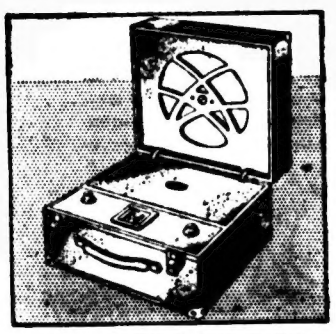

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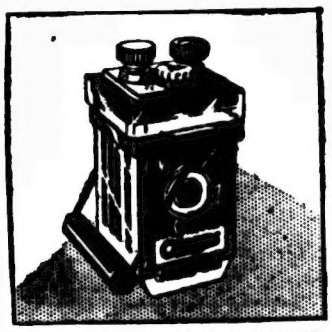

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Why not own this handsome set? Why not enjoy its flawless performance? It's so easy if you smoke Black Cat—the quality cigarette.

Everything is of the very best in this set—Mullard Master Valves, enclosed true-tone loudspeaker, polished bakelite cabinet in attractive walnut finish to blend with modern decoration. It tunes from 230 to 550 metres on short waves and 1,000 to 2,000 metres on long waves. Black Cat smokers—you should start saving your coupons NOW.

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"John Bull," 30/9/33.

JOHN BULL

THURSDAY,

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Telephone: TEMPLE BAR 2468.

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Without Fear or Favour

The Great RED TAPE MURDER

WHEN is the Government going to do something to end the ghastly, inhuman muddle of the country's ambulance services?

There was a good example of what is happening all over the country when the Surbiton, Surrey, ambulance was recently summoned by a policeman to a motor accident on one of the roads leading into that enlightened borough.

As the ambulance approached, the driver saw that the injured man was lying in the roadway *one hundred yards beyond an invisible boundary line between Surbiton and Malden. He promptly stopped his ambulance on his own boundary, turned round, and drove back again.*

The victim of the accident was left dying in the roadway, and much precious time was lost while helpers were summoning the Malden ambulance to take him to hospital.

In case anyone may be tempted to blame that ambulance driver, we point out in fairness to him that he was under strict orders from his council not to cross his own boundary line in any case, however urgent. To have done so might have cost him his job.

But, for all we know to the contrary, his orders cost another man his life.

It has been said that red tape kills more people in this country every year than ever die by manslaughter or murder. The man who said that had the ambulance services in his mind.

Almost every week that passes produces further examples of infamous rules and restrictions which are strangling the working of what is one of the most vital of all public services.

A few months ago a man cycling to work near Walsall was knocked down by a passing motor-car. It was one o'clock in the morning, but, by a lucky chance, a doctor lived near. He came from his bed to give first-aid to the unconscious man lying among the ruins of his cycle.

After he had done so he returned to his house and telephoned Walsall to send out an ambulance. To his astonishment, however, he was informed that the scene of the accident was outside its area, *and that, unless he or somebody else was prepared to guarantee payment for the journey, the ambulance would not be sent.*

EXPOSTULATION and argument were of no avail, and eventually an ambulance had to be sent for from Sutton Coldfield, five miles away.

This was not an exceptional case. Scores of borough and urban councils in the Midlands have this "pay before we go" rule where their ambulance is concerned, and where the person who needs it is lying outside their boundaries.

Yorkshire, too. . . . The Morley (Leeds) Town Council demands cash on the nail before it will send on an errand of mercy a yard beyond its boundaries.

At Halifax recently there was a delay of ninety minutes in reaching a serious accident case. The ambulance authorities had been haggling as to who should pay.

Not long ago the Cumberland County Council stopped a scheme to provide the 20,000 people of East Cumberland with an ambulance service.

Inefficiency and muddle are common in many places even where the ambulance service does function after a fashion.

There was a truly shocking case some time ago, which was dealt with by JOHN BULL. T. J. McCarthy, a nineteen-year-old Brixton youth, was injured in a motor-cycle accident at Bedfont, in Middlesex. He was taken first to a workhouse institution, which was not equipped with an operating theatre or any organisation for dealing with casualties.

For a whole day he was there unconscious. Then he was taken in an ambulance to another hospital, again the wrong one. After a third ambulance drive he was delivered at the right hospital, where the surgeons found it was too late to do anything, and he died.

Sometimes the muddle has reached fantastic limits, as in a case at Paignton, where the ambulance driver is also the driver of one of the council's dust-cars. A dying man was left on the pavement for an hour until the dust-cart driver could be traced somewhere on his rounds, and transferred to his ambulance to take the dying man to hospital.

The prime cause of the present chaos is that there is no centre of unified control of the ambulance services. There is no Government department responsible for them. Although they should quite properly be the concern of the Minister for Health, like other medical services, that official ignores them.

Local authorities are left to their own devices in the matter. They can please themselves whether they have a service or not, and what kind of service it is to be.

An Act of 1907 says that a local authority "may" provide an adequate ambulance service, or, alternatively, contribute to a voluntary body like the Red Cross Society to do the job for them. In any case, the Public Health Amendment Act, as it is called, empowers them to confine all their services within their own borders.

The boundary between life and death — but the Good Samaritan cannot cross it

Bitter feuds between neighbouring councils are a common occurrence in England. In scores of places there is a continual bickering over such questions as borderline responsibility.

We say that it is an infamous thing that the ambulance services should be made a pawn in this game, and that succour and relief to injured and dying people should be delayed because of parochial jealousies and the petty penny-watching tactics of small town councils.

That is what is happening to-day. That is the real story behind these shameful happenings which shock the country nearly every week.

London is proud of its services. Its 168 life-savers, with their total of 45,000 cases a year; their wonderful record of efficiency, with an average of 6½ minutes from the alarm call to delivery of the injured person in hospital.

BUT now that the L.C.C. has taken over the ambulances from the various Boards of Guardians, the grasping hand of economy is making itself felt there also.

We demand an immediate enquiry into the working of the 1907 Act, and subsequent legislation which will bring the ambulance services more into line with present-day conditions. We hope that every Member of Parliament will support us in that demand.

The Good Samaritan, bound hand and foot with red tape, may be an ironical figure, but the irony is lost on the sick and injured to whom his services come too late.

The Nation, the War Cripple and Two-and-Elevenpence

A War wreck for life—yet the Pensions Ministry quibbles with him about a paltry two-and-elevenpence

A Silly Sentence to Ignore

Clean Up the Night Clubs!

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

THE Great War ended fifteen years ago. But the great war pensions scandal still goes on.

All over the country disabled ex-Servicemen are suffering cruel injustice. We have publicly exposed scores of grievous cases. We have dealt through our Pensions Department with tens of thousands of complaints.

But never have we known a more despicable case than one recently brought to our notice.

Terrible injuries

It concerns a Huddersfield reader, Mr. Norris Lumb, who was terribly injured in the face and skull by a high explosive shell while serving in North Russia in the early part of 1919.

Ever since, he has been in pain and subject to dizziness, neurasthenia, and greatly impaired vision. His condition is so serious that he cannot go out alone.

Thirty times since June, 1929, he has been required to go to Leeds for examination by a Ministry of Pensions doctor. Thirty times the Ministry has approved the certificate of his own doctor that he cannot travel alone

But at the thirty-first examination—in August last—the Ministry doctor changed his mind, and flatly refused to endorse the certificate.

Amazing action

Yet the patient was in an even worse state of health than formerly. While travelling on a 'bus with his wife a few weeks earlier he had been seized with a sudden fit of pain and dizziness and had fallen heavily, sustaining injury to his shoulder and severe shock.

Despite this, the Ministry disallowed the expenses of his wife, who acted as his escort when he appeared for examination

Thus the nation was saved the cost of her fare—a matter of two shillings and elevenpence!

Niggardly saving

What a princely sum to save!

What a magnificent economy at the expense of a crippled and broken ex-soldier!

We know that Whitehall considers 2s. 11d. to be worthy of grave official consideration because we took up Mr. Lumb's case three weeks ago and can obtain no other assurance than that the matter is being considered.

Vital principle

You may think that 2s. 11d. is hardly worth bothering about. But the principle at stake is all-important.

If an independent doctor's evidence is to be disregarded, then there is a bad prospect for all war pensioners.

And if the Ministry of Pensions is too poor to grant a couple of shillings from its funds, then it is plain that Britain is down-and-out. That we refuse to believe. Does the Minister of Pensions believe it?

Clubbing the clubs

We are sorry that Dr. Salter, M.P., and his friends of the Workers' Temperance League intend to attack working men's clubs. They allege that these clubs pay more attention to drinking than to the social and political purposes for which they were formed.

Well, there may be a few abuses which should be ended.

But why shouldn't a man have a pint of beer—or even two—while sitting round the club fire with his pals in the evening?

The Ill-Health Ministry

We fear that Sir Hilton Young will earn himself the title of Minister of *Ill*-Health unless he changes his mind.

For he aims at depriving 100,000 more men and women of their health benefits after the end of this year because they have been unemployed for a long time.

Surely they are just the people who most need the "panel" doctor and medicine!

On the blacklist

Then there is the allegation that Edinburgh is "blacklisted" by the medical profession because of the low salaries it pays to medical officers.

Even the City Hospital has to jump at the first medical assistant who asks for a job, since it is allowed only about a quarter of the money granted to similar hospitals elsewhere.

As the public can't do any "blacklisting" on its own by refusing to be ill, we hope Edinburgh's Public Health Committee soon awakes to a sense of duty.

Unique blunder

We must next criticise a bunch of magistrates who evidently don't know the law and have passed a sentence that is without parallel.

A man at Thornton-in-Craven, Yorkshire, pleaded guilty to theft. The magistrates said they would give him another chance. He would be bound over for a month, and during that time he had to join the Army.

He must enlist in Lincolnshire, and must first report to the police there.

Silly sentence

Let us tell those magistrates that no man can be forced to join the Army. Their sentence is therefore nonsense.

Besides, the Army is not an institution for reforming wrongdoers. It wants men of good character.

We hope the recruiting officer has something to say when that young man presents himself for enlistment.

And we hope those J.P.s will learn the law of the land.

Not his business

Then there is the latest "wise crack" of Judge Crawford.

A Southend widow told him that she had a daughter aged seventeen who was studying for an examination.

The Judge retorted: "She ought to be at work earning money and helping her mother instead of going in for some useless examination."

Was Judge Crawford earning money and helping his parents when he was seventeen?

Stupid secrecy

More than fifty people are seriously ill in Cheshire from a strange form of food poisoning, and their food is supposed to have been contaminated by a poisoned rat.

But the affair is being kept as secret as possible to prevent a scare.

When will local authorities try to understand human nature? Secrecy is the quickest way to start a scare and the most thorough way of intensifying it.

Useless wealth

A Bexhill woman who lived alone was found dead in her house by the police. Chalked on a door were the words, "No bread." But she left £36,351.

Mr. Joseph Adams, a West London man, worked day in and day out in the City. Then he, too, died. He was found to be worth £44,000, some of which he left to humble men whom he had met during his twenty years of work and journeying.

Roses or wreaths?

What a lot of joy they both must have missed!

The old woman hoarding her money and dying in loneliness. The man hoarding his and only cementing his friendships after he was dead.

How much happier they might have made their lives and the lives of others had they used their money while they were alive!

We think it's better to buy roses while you can enjoy their loveliness than to save up for a wreath on your grave.

The better spirit

We prefer Mr. Samuel Honey, of Hornsey. He is ninety-five, and has paid his subscription to the Hornsey Burgesses' Association for the next five years.

That's the spirit! Mr. Honey fought in the Crimean War, boxed Tom Sayers and Bob Fitzsimmons, and was rejected for the Great War at seventy-seven.

We like his cheery optimism, and we hope he reaches the hundredth birthday that he is so confident about.

Burglary is cheaper

We know that arbitration is the best way to settle a dispute. But we hope there won't be any more arbitrations like the one that has just ended.

It lasted for four months and cost over £5,000. Yet it was about a matter of £312 which had been stolen in two burglaries.

No doubt the legal point at issue was worth the expense. But was it really necessary to take four months to decide it?

Time to pay

Now for another question.

A young man earning 25s. a week was, at Shoreditch County Court, ordered to pay £1 a month off a debt of £571 which he owed in damages following an accident.

At that rate he will pay the lot in about forty-eight years.

That seems pretty merciful—for him. But is it very fair to the unfortunate victim of the accident?

Night clubs again

The night club menace, which last year was considerably checked by Scotland Yard, is thriving again.

All kinds of disreputable drinking dens are springing up in the West End of London—and even in some provincial towns. They should receive the immediate attention of the authorities.

The type of den we have in mind can be illustrated by the "Chummy Club," in Wardour Street, Soho, which was recently raided. Drink was being openly sold at 1 a.m. Its proprietor was a man named Albert Brand, who had previous convictions, and gambling with dice was encouraged there.

A few nights spent by police officers in Soho should provide ample evidence for many further raids and convictions.

Silent heroism

The brightest deed of the last few days was one that attracted no attention, but it displayed human courage at its best.

When the steamer *Porthcawl* caught fire, the lives of its crew were saved by two firemen who, with wet cloths over their faces, worked for two hours amid smoke and flame to keep up steam and enable the ship to reach land. And not even their names have been divulged.

That is what is meant by "the silent heroism of the sea."

The worst ever

Now for a story of human nature at its worst.

After a Bradford boys' club had been converted into a centre for the unemployed, everything movable was stolen—even the window-blinds—and nothing left but the shell of the building.

If there are any meaner thieves than those responsible, we hope they never come our way.

A farmer to watch

Another monstrous business was revealed during the hearing of a case at Beccles, Suffolk.

A farm labourer had to work for pocket-money with a promise of proper payment after the harvest. When he brought a court action (which he won), the judge said: "Everybody on this farm, so far as I can see, is being paid next to nothing or improper wages."

The farmer's name and address are: George Cross, Woodton, Norfolk. Farm labourers and farmers should keep their eye on him.

No chance

We should not be shocked to hear that Walter Brewitt, a Lincoln youth of sixteen, feels rather bitter about life.

Owing to his parents' poverty he has been incarcerated in a workhouse for ten years. A few days ago he appeared in court because he tried to escape from the institution and took £2 from it.

His mother told the magistrates that he had never had a chance. We think it time he was given one.

Happy ending

A luckier lad is the Gateshead youth who was haled into court for riding a bicycle without a reflector.

He earned only 7s. a week, his aged father was penniless, and there were two other children at home.

The Bench just ordered him to pay 4s. costs in easy instalments. But the police showed better generosity by paying it themselves.

A snare to shun

Let us warn you that one of our old enemies has turned up in a new guise.

He is Reginald Ashton, who from an address at 7, Tavistock Place, London, W.C.1, is now sending out plausible bait to "gentlemen who can introduce business where additional capital is required."

He calls himself a mortgage, investment and insurance broker, but we have previously described him in less flattering terms, and his latest proposition should certainly be avoided.

The woman who knew

We imagine that the Leicester woman who disappeared from home must have taught a lesson to quite a lot of silly people.

A water diviner who was consulted claimed to have located her body in a nearby canal. A number of so-called spiritualists agreed that the body was there.

Upon which the "missing" woman turned up in London, where she had been living for seven weeks. An excellent thing both for her and commonsense.

by
H. R. OSWALD

formerly H.M. Coroner for the South-East and West Districts of the County of London and Past President of the Coroners' Society

Coroner's inquest—from the United Artists' film "Cynara"

SECRET INQUESTS

—A Famous CORONER'S WARNING

HUMAN nature being what it is, there is nothing, I suppose, more intriguing than a mystery to the man—and, of course, the woman—in the street. For that reason, if for no weightier one, public interest has been considerably aroused recently on the subject of the holding of inquests in secret, of which there have been several instances.

It is not for me to criticise the action of my colleagues who have departed from the usual process by holding their enquiries behind locked doors and excluding Press and public, thus focussing the limelight upon themselves and provoking a good deal of comment.

No doubt they had excellent reasons for their unusual procedure. Circumstances arise from time to time which render the holding of inquests in secret an unavoidable necessity, involving perhaps the nation's closest interests, as in time of war, when the publication of details might prove of advantage to the enemy.

In such circumstances I, too, would have no hesitation in exercising the wide, almost limitless, powers conferred upon coroners. In fact, during my term of office as H.M. coroner, I did once during the war hold an enquiry *in camera* into the death of a man engaged on Government service, because I considered disclosure of the true facts would have been opposed to the interests of the nation and of aid to its adversaries.

It happened in this way. Without advancing any reason, I received a request from the Admiralty that I should take such steps as I deemed necessary to prevent the details of the tragedy becoming public property.

Breeding suspicion

I GAVE orders that every member of the public, and of their representatives, the Press, should be rigidly excluded, and that no one but the essential witnesses, the jury, my own officers and, of course, myself should be present at the investigation. That was done, and what went on behind those closed doors was never revealed so far as I am aware.

But, except in an exigency such as this, and similar instances where some point of diplomatic or anti-espionage policy is involved, I see real peril in the too-common practice of holding inquests in secret.

Secret inquests are by no means so frequent as many people may think, and the instances this year are quite definitely the exception rather than the rule.

In my own experience, during the years I held office as coroner, first for South-East and then for West London, it was my duty to hold about twenty-five thousand inquests. And of that number only the one to which I have referred was held in secret.

The chief peril of the secret inquest is that it might conceivably breed suspicion in the minds of many people that something was being improperly hushed up.

There have been cases where influential or wealthy individuals have for purely personal considerations desired that a certain inquest should be kept from public knowledge. Family reasons or personal sensitiveness may have actuated these desires and such attempts at suppression as may follow them, although personally I know of no case where any such thing has succeeded.

Apart from the expectation of the public to know just what is going on behind the scenes at an inquest, the value of open inquests to the community is inestimable, and has been demonstrated on many occasions.

Much, indeed, might be written of the educational value of inquests on the public mind. Time and again has it been shown that the publicity given to enquiries into deaths from this or that misadventure has led directly to remedies being found.

Tragedies averted

TO-DAY, the domestic oil-lamp has been brought to a high and safe state of perfection. But in my early days as a deputy-coroner, oil-lamp explosions were a very frequent cause of tragedy. I do not think I am exaggerating when I say that at one time scarcely a week went by in London without a coroner's enquiry into a death from this cause.

Mainly as a result of the publicity given to these enquiries, the public at large was warned to exercise more caution when using these lamps.

Moreover, it was revealed that large quantities of cheap oil from abroad were being sold in this country. Such oil was a distinct menace, inasmuch as it had a low flash-point, and was consequently liable to explode at a comparatively low temperature, especially when put in a glass container of the kind in use in those days.

It was a direct result of the publicity given to this unending tale of domestic tragedy, and to the coroners' emphatic warnings and observations on the point, that eventually the public conscience was moved, and an Act of Parliament was finally passed restricting the import of this very dangerous commodity.

Again, the tightening up in the sale of certain poisons during the past twenty years is the direct result of open and widely reported inquests.

There was a time when the average coroner had to enquire into dozens of deaths from poison taken purely by accident. Through the happenings in those courts the public became educated to the dangers that were being run. Not only did that publicity result in the more common use of special and easily identified poison bottles, but the purchase of poisons was made vastly more difficult.

I personally would much rather run the risk of permitting the public to hear all about the effects and properties of certain poisons which can cause almost instantaneous, painful or terrible death—and that was at one time an argument against publicity being given to this type of case—than hold a secret inquest in the matter.

Further illustration of the wisdom of open inquests is found in the diminished number of fatal deaths of infants due to suffocation as the result of sleeping with adults.

Many inquests have I held in earlier days on young babies in the presence of grief-stricken parents who had accidentally lain on their little ones in the night. In consequence, very few parents now, however limited their means and accommodation, take their little ones into bed with them. Thus accidents of this kind nowadays have become few and far between. The publicity given at inquests to the danger involved has taught a valuable lesson.

Yet again, observations and recommendations made by London coroners have probably been responsible for a reduction, proportionally to the increase in the numbers of vehicles, of deaths from road accidents. In fact, many of the modern road regulations are to be traced directly to the advice and warning given in open court by coroners.

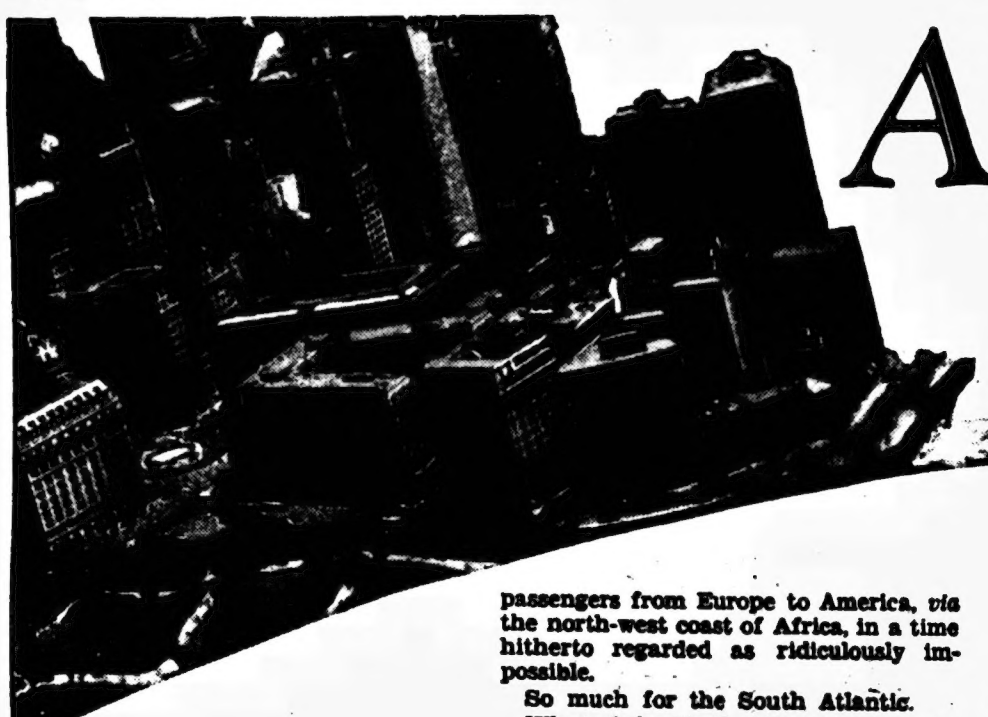
He is supreme

ONE could go on almost indefinitely citing examples of the benefits to the community that arise from the holding of inquests in public.

The very wide powers of a coroner make him, in effect, absolutely supreme in his own court. That alone should make him careful to exercise the utmost discretion when arranging a secret inquest in order to keep his prerogative always above suspicion.

I do not think that such powers lead to abuse. In fact, I know of no instance where they have been abused, and I am satisfied that those of my colleagues who have had occasion to order a secret inquest have, as in my own case, the very best of reasons for coming to that decision.

But they might easily lead to suspicions of abuse. And the one is nearly as bad as the other.



All Aboard—

The Epic of Aviation's Biggest Conquest

A TRANSATLANTIC air service as regular as those of such great liners as the *Mauretania* and the *Bremen*. London to New York in a single hop, and in little more than twenty-four hours.

Prophecy has been so over-generous with flying that any new statement such as this is suspect. But this is no long-distance prophecy.

The last and final achievement of aviation—the linking of the Old World and the New by regular passenger air services—is actually within sight. The success for which scores of pioneers have paid their lives is just round the corner.

Not next year, nor in the next decade, but actually next month, the first machine of a regular trans-Atlantic service—to which two years of secret and intensive planning have already been contributed—will leave Europe for America.

Flips to America

If early difficulties are met with and passengers cannot be assured as safe a journey as on a long-distance trip by train or steamship, it will be run as a mail and cargo service until such time as a hundred per cent. efficiency is achieved.

If not—and the experts concerned have every hope that there will be none—it will start right away as a passenger service after the first trip, whisking passengers from Europe to America, *via* the north-west coast of Africa, in a time hitherto regarded as ridiculously impossible.

So much for the South Atlantic.

What of the North Atlantic, where the weather is more seasonal, where sudden storms can spring up that would give even the biggest liners a rough passage, where there are icebergs in abundance as big as the one that sank the *Titanic*, and where a fog-belt is a menace to any type of transport that can be employed over or on water?

The answer to that is that Imperial Airways, the great British company, already has its eyes on the North Atlantic. It contemplates linking Canada with the Homeland and thus completing its vast network of Empire air communications as soon as it is safely possible.

Lindbergh's quest

To use its own words, "We are satisfied that a regular air service between Canada and England is shaping in the technical sense and believe that the development of aircraft and the inventions now in hand give us every reason to look forward to a weekly Atlantic service."

In other words, it is almost ready. It believes that the time is near when we shall fly to New York as safely as we now go by steamship. And probably in two years' time, perhaps even less, British aeroplanes will be plying the Atlantic as part of their normal service.

It can be revealed that officials of Imperial Airways have actually crossed to America to confer with Pan-American Airways, the vast concern for which Lindbergh works, with the establishment of a connecting-link by aeroplane between the two countries as the ultimate object.

There has been a conference at St. John's, Newfoundland, between England, Canada, Newfoundland and America over the question of establishing air bases for regular Atlantic services.

America has actually obtained two important concessions which show what she has in mind.

One gives her the right to carry mails by air through Finland for a period of fifteen years. The second entitles her to carry out three years of aerial research in Greenland on the promise that she will send at least two expeditions to that country before 1935 to investigate the possibilities of a Greenland-America air service.

Then in 1935 such a service can be begun—provided both America and Denmark agree that it is feasible.

It is not without significance that Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh was in Greenland recently carrying out just the sort of researches that have been described in the agreement, having flown along the route most likely to be adopted.

The South Atlantic service to be started next month, then, is more than an isolated step forward in world communication. It is the word "Go!" to the various air interests that are already toeing the line and ready to stake out their claims on the air over the North Atlantic.

One development after another will follow smoothly and swiftly until the day comes when we will look on an aerial crossing to Montreal or New York as of no more significance than the journey by boat.

Different companies will try different routes, as they did in the earlier days of steamship travel. Then at last the ideal route will be discovered from the point of view of speed, safety and economy, and they will travel along one line, as our ocean greyhounds do to-day.

What will that line be? As yet we can only conjecture.

The Luft-Hausa Company of Germany, which is behind the service that begins next month, may or may not pin its faith to the South Atlantic. It is possible it only looks on the southern waters as safest for a beginning.

The company's 14,000-ton ship *Westphalen*, which has already left to become a floating "half-way house" in mid-ocean, will trail an apron that will so still the water over which it passes that a seaplane will be able to come down safely in the track it leaves.

Glittering prizes

It is unlikely that such a device will still the more tumultuous waters of the North Atlantic—or that a ship could be made to take up permanent station there.

The Aéropostale Company of France is also looking to the South Atlantic; although, yet again, no one can say whether that represents its final aim.

For two years this company has had one pilot continuously engaged making researches on the South Atlantic route between Dakar on the African side and Port Natal in Brazil.

In January last the company's three-engined monoplane, *Arc-en-Ciel*, flew across with passengers and luggage that brought her weight up to twelve tons. And the *Arc-en-Ciel* was designed throughout to maintain a regular trans-ocean service.

Yet even these companies would hesitate to say that they won't soon be attempting the North Atlantic crossing.

Like the other big aerial concerns, they have their eyes on the glittering prizes that will one day go to the firms that link up—in a direct and therefore speedy and economical line—such places as New York and Montreal with the big European capitals like London, Paris and Berlin.

The different air interests have their eyes, so far as the Atlantic crossing of two or three or more years hence is concerned, on three alternatives.

America is watching closely the Arctic Circle route—the one the Vikings took. That fact lends added interest to the news of the concessions she has obtained in Greenland and Finland.

At no stage does the sea crossing exceed 600 miles—a fact which would make it possible to begin a service to-morrow, as long as adherence to a schedule was not too closely insisted on. London to the

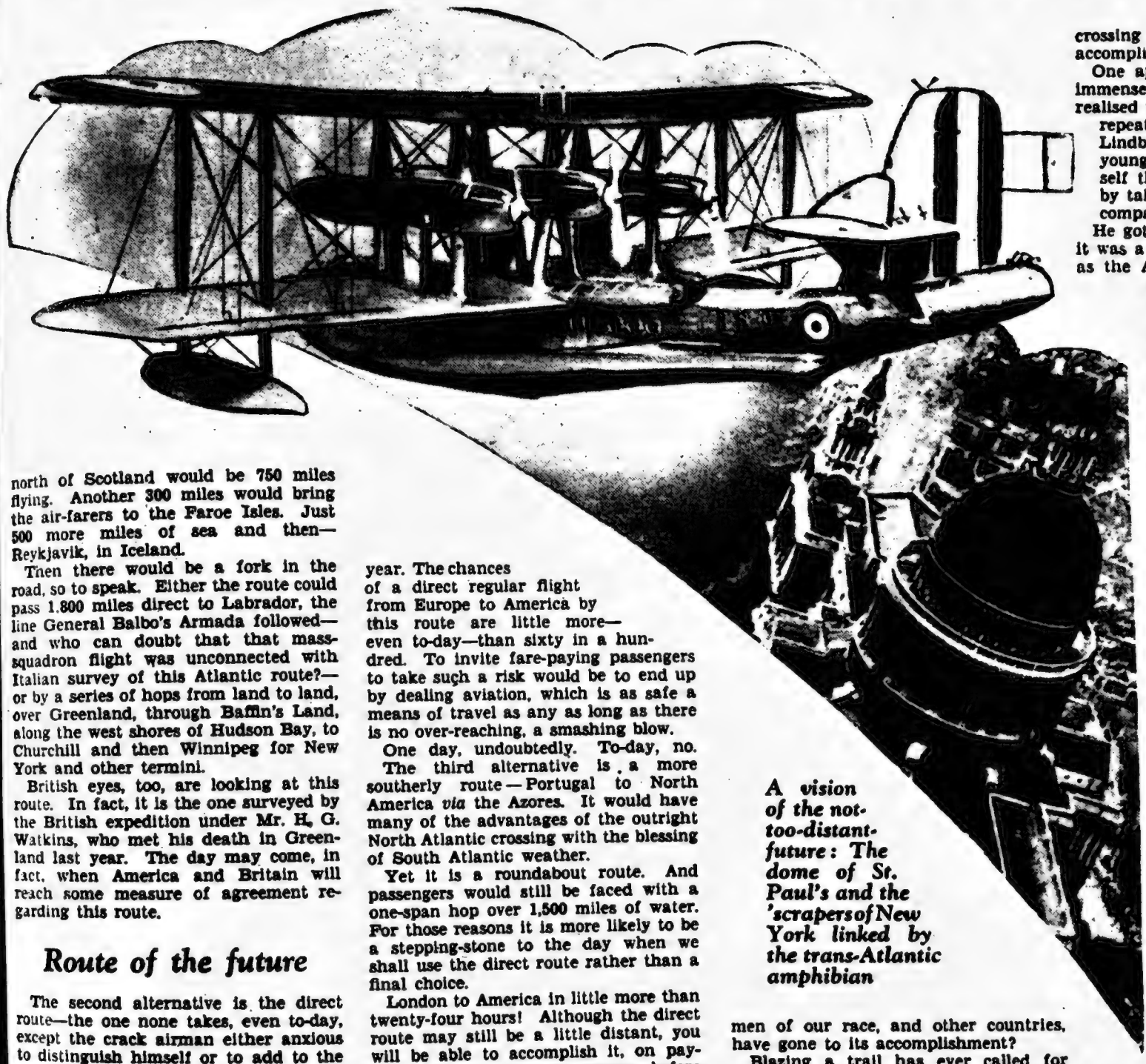
"Lindbergh's success seemed to inspire airmen on both sides of the ocean"

"Conquered the South Atlantic in a baby aeroplane"—the late Bert Hinckler

Elsie Mackay set off from America with Captain Hinchcliffe—and never reached land again

His glorious failure—Harry Hawker, "the unkillable"

—to Fly the Atlantic!



A vision of the not-too-distant future: The dome of St. Paul's and the 'scrapers of New York linked by the trans-Atlantic amphibian

north of Scotland would be 750 miles flying. Another 300 miles would bring the air-farers to the Faroe Isles. Just 500 more miles of sea and then—Reykjavik, in Iceland.

Then there would be a fork in the road, so to speak. Either the route could pass 1,800 miles direct to Labrador, the line General Balbo's Armada followed—and who can doubt that that mass-squadron flight was unconnected with Italian survey of this Atlantic route?—or by a series of hops from land to land, over Greenland, through Baffin's Land, along the west shores of Hudson Bay, to Churchill and then Winnipeg for New York and other termini.

British eyes, too, are looking at this route. In fact, it is the one surveyed by the British expedition under Mr. H. G. Watkins, who met his death in Greenland last year. The day may come, in fact, when America and Britain will reach some measure of agreement regarding this route.

Route of the future

The second alternative is the direct route—the one none takes, even to-day, except the crack airman either anxious to distinguish himself or to add to the sum of our knowledge of flying conditions over these vast wastes of water at the risk of his own life.

That, with its 1,800 miles single hop from Newfoundland to Ireland, is undoubtedly the route of the future. But it would be idle to pretend that any company can see any hope of maintaining a regular service along it for many a long year. The chances of a direct regular flight from Europe to America by this route are little more—even to-day—than sixty in a hundred. To invite fare-paying passengers to take such a risk would be to end up by dealing aviation, which is as safe a means of travel as any as long as there is no over-reaching, a smashing blow.

One day, undoubtedly. To-day, no.

The third alternative is a more southerly route—Portugal to North America *via* the Azores. It would have many of the advantages of the outright North Atlantic crossing with the blessing of South Atlantic weather.

Yet it is a roundabout route. And passengers would still be faced with a one-span hop over 1,500 miles of water. For those reasons it is more likely to be a stepping-stone to the day when we shall use the direct route rather than a final choice.

London to America in little more than twenty-four hours! Although the direct route may still be a little distant, you will be able to accomplish it, on payment of your passage money, before some of the babies alive to-day have reached school age!

Next year, perhaps, if the South Atlantic service starting next month comes up to the highest expectations.

Shall we grow to accept it as a matter of course, or shall we remember that the hardihood and courage of the best of men of our race, and other countries, have gone to its accomplishment?

Blazing a trail has ever called for human sacrifice. The conquest of the Atlantic has called for more than any other triumph.

It was as recently as 1919—so swift has been the conquest of the Atlantic by air—that a pilot made the first attempt to come anywhere near to success.

Harry Hawker, the unkillable, as many people regarded him, though in the end he lost his life, took off one crisp morning from St. John's, Newfoundland, with Commander Grieve as his passenger. We looked for quick, spectacular success, but instead there was silence—a long, agonising silence. We had underrated the dangers.

The first crossing

Six days had elapsed, and we had given Hawker and his companion up for lost, when a small Danish ship that had no wireless crawled home with the two intrepid airmen on board. And they had actually got within 600 miles of the Irish coast before falling into the sea.

Within three weeks the second big effort had begun—again a British one. The late Sir John Alcock and Sir Arthur Whitten-Brown—both of whom were knighted for their great feat—took off from Newfoundland in a two-engined machine that is preserved to this day in a London museum.

Sixteen hours after they started a roar of engines was heard in the sky over County Galway—and the first aeroplane crossing of the Atlantic had been accomplished.

One appreciates to the full what an immense performance it was when it is realised that not until 1927 was the feat repeated. Then Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, a comparatively unknown young American aviator, earned himself the name of "the Flying Fool" by taking off unexpectedly without a companion.

He got to Paris without a hitch—and it was a wonderful flight, although not, as the American public was taught to believe, the first aeroplane crossing of the Atlantic!

Since then women have crossed. A millionaire. A one-eyed Red Indian. The late Bert Hinckler conquered the South Atlantic in a baby aeroplane without proper maps or compass.

Lindbergh's success after such a long gap seemed to inspire airmen on both sides of the ocean. Atlantic attempts, for a time, were a monthly sensation. Some were successful, but more than half were tragic failures.

While Lindbergh was still being entertained in London, Clarence Chamberlain, who carried the millionaire C. A. Levine as his passenger, landed in Europe from America. And, while Chamberlain and Levine were still doing their round of celebration dinners, Commander Byrd, of the U.S. Navy, brought down his machine in the English Channel, after carrying three companions from New York.

Mysteries . .

Successes — and failures. Always as many of the latter as of the former. Sometimes there were pieces of floating *débris* found to tell how brave men perished. Sometimes there was nothing.

Most notable of these grim mysteries was that of Captain Hinchcliffe, one of the finest and best known of the British commercial pilots, and Miss Elsie Mackay, whose millionaire father, Lord Inchcape, frowned on her effort.

They took off one morning for America, without telling anyone they were going. There were isolated reports from ships, suggesting that they got at least three-quarters the way over. There was the usual bottle-in-the-sea report—discredited, as it always is.

And the rest must always be a mystery—one of the many profound mysteries that stand like milestones in the story of the conquest of the Atlantic.

Such flights have brought us the machines and the knowledge that have made a trans-Atlantic air service possible by a circuitous route, and will one day make a regular direct flight just as possible.

And now, with freights, passengers and prestige waiting as the plums of success, the leading nations have begun day and night fighting for the air supremacy of the Atlantic.

Behind the scenes, feelers are going out for air concessions in Greenland, the Azores, Canada, America and other countries.

Soon the first Atlantic air liner to start in regular service will bay out its challenge.

Britain, as we have revealed, will not be slow in hearing it—and taking it up.

The Human Machine

Get Acquainted!

THE mind has a body attached to it. That may seem a simple and obvious statement, but its importance cannot be exaggerated; and, despite its simplicity, very few people ever seem to think about it once they have left the first flush of youth behind.

"As we improve the physical part of the machine," said a well-known American novelist describing his own experiences, "we also improve the mental part. The brain demands five times as much blood as any other organ. Give it all it needs, and of the very purest, and it will be grateful. Physical fitness usually means mental fitness, but mental fitness is no guarantee of physical fitness.

"If I am mentally upset I can walk twenty miles with profit, but if I am physically sick I cannot do twenty minutes of clean, consecutive thinking. By raising your physical standard you will raise your mental one. If you want to get pure enjoyment of your mind, be on cordial terms with your body."

The smallest knowledge of psychology discloses the truth that the mind has a potent influence over the body, but we are so impressed by the discovery that we are apt to forget that the reverse is equally true. Yet it is, and we should strive with might and main to achieve a harmonious balance and not a lop-sided phenomenon.

"A healthy mind in a healthy body," said the old Romans. "An alert mind in an active body" is the modern and better version of that old truism.

If you can manage to be both healthy and clever—good! But at all costs be healthy. Better by far to be hard-boiled than half-baked!

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to Richard Tauber

MY DEAR RICHARD,—Life is indeed an adventure.

The last time we met, your throat had gone wrong. You had called me up from the Hyde Park Hotel to tell me why, when the Albert Hall was crowded with people who had gone there to hear you sing one Sunday afternoon, you were seated in your rooms overlooking Rotten Row almost speechless.

People had come from all parts of the country to hear you. For, after all, your voice is almost the equal of Caruso's. And, while they sat there waiting, you were indoors, wondering whether you would ever sing again. You asked me to explain it all to an angry crowd.

Then you went to America and there you found that, because the Schuberts had bought the rights of "The Land of Smiles," you could not sing "You Are My Heart's Delight," which was the best part of it and your great song. Time after time, when you appeared at concerts, the audience yelled for it, in vain.

It was the best tune of its kind written for many years. Only you could do it justice. Franz Lehar, your great friend, had written it specially for you. You could sing Schubert, anything else, in New York, but not that.

So you went back to Berlin. . . .

* * *

The world cannot understand it. Six months ago, you were one of Berlin's idols. Whenever you went into a public restaurant, people would yell for you to sing. Often you had to stand on a table, in spite of yourself, and warble, in your bird-like tenor voice, "You Are My Heart's Delight."

You were a German then, so far as we knew. I mean that you spoke German—English you braved with great difficulty. You lived in Berlin. Berlin acclaimed you as one of its own.

But now you are not a German! Suddenly, you are an Austrian Jew!

Whether the Nazis have been giving you a blood test, examining the pupils of your eyes, or making you produce your grandmother's birth certificate, or whether, in some other mysterious way, they have been proving you are neither Aryan nor Nordic or Prussian, I do not know.

But here you are back in London, now at the head of the Viennese Opera Company. And you are singing in German "Lilac Time," based on all the Schubert melodies, in which you are supreme.

They used to tell me Art was international. I never believed it. But they all said it. Then, suddenly, they all discovered it was not true. It became something political, all at once.

For instance, there was my friend, Feodor Chaliapine, who had to sing in Russia once because he was a Russian. And then could not sing in Russia because he was not a Communist.

* * *

Then there was Paul Robeson who, after playing football even in the all-America team, hitherto proud of its pure White dominance, came to England and, much to the disgust of White artists employed in the "Show Boat," was said to be so all-important to the production that Alfred Butt declared, in the witness-box, that if Paul Robeson left, to fulfil an old contract, he would have to close the show!

So, racial prejudice, political in the sense that it is all based on the confiscation of somebody else's country, or somebody else's property, raged in Drury Lane.

Well, my dear Richard, you must grin and bear it. You must pretend that the world is a Land of Smiles. It does not seem so just now. But, if we all smile, perhaps it will be.

We have now in London you and the other great Berlin favourite, Werner Krauss—he, the uncrowned king of Berlin's serious theatre, you the exiled monarch of its light music.

He is being criticised as a Nazi, a thing, I suppose, that, being a German, he has to be. You are here because—well, unless Hitlerism and its thuggery falls, you will be, for much of your life now, an exile.

Dollfuss, in your native Austria, is mixed up with Fascism that may become anti-Semitic at any time. Then Austria may be banned to you.

* * *

Cheer up! You can sing still in the United States, although there is not much money there. You can sing in France which, being anti-German, will hail you. The Scandinavian countries are yours, and Holland.

"Art is international." Is it? A German ballet company, the Ballet Jooss, came to London a few weeks ago. Thinking it was German, and not knowing it was largely Jewish and largely Radical, the Jews stayed away. Then, when they produced "The Ace," adapted from a German war play, the Jews did not go, as the manager himself told me. What is it safe to be, nowadays?

Since then, Conrad Veidt, a German, who planned to make in London a talkie of "Jew Suss," gave up his part suddenly and went to Austria "for a rest."

Life is a sorry game, isn't it?

A few years ago, your lot and my lot were fighting each other for liberty, we both said. We hated each other—to order. Now, we suddenly discover that the countries that fought for liberty do not like it. They want to be bosses, in fact, and are now threatening to fight each other, for Tyranny's sake.

But cheer up, Richard. Don't lose your voice. If you sing, we shall smile.

*

Hannen Swaffer

IN EXILE YOU CAN STILL SMILE!

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Councillor E. G. KING,
Newcastle-on-Tyne

DEAR SIR,—When the opening of a nurses' hostel was made the occasion of an official junketing by the city's councillors and their ladies, you and your wife lunched elsewhere at your own expense.

That was a dignified protest at a sheer waste of the ratepayers' money.

The city's guests, numbering one hundred, enjoyed a good lunch with wine, cigars and cigarettes. They might have remembered that some of those who will have to foot the bill may have to deprive themselves of a meal to do so.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. BARRINGTON WARD, K.C.,
Metropolitan Police Magistrate

DEAR SIR,—"You are not bound to sit still while someone pummels you," you told a man who had been assaulted. "Some of you men forget that the right of self-defence still exists in this country."

I welcome your statement, for many people who know that they may not take the law into their own hands think they are thereby deprived of the right to defend themselves.

But I hope they don't abuse that right or your court will be kept busy!

JOHN BULL.

JOHN HYNES,
Liverpool

HYNES.—When you and your wife stood in the dock charged with abandoning your children, a remarkable story was unfolded.

There are six children, the eldest a girl of twelve, the youngest only twelve months old. When you went away the eldest girl acted as a little mother and obtained food from kindly neighbours.

Then, when her hope for your return faded, she set out to scour Liverpool for a distant relative of whom she had heard her mother speak. At last she succeeded, and that relative took charge of the family.

Even you should be proud of such a daughter.

JOHN BULL.

Sir PERCIVAL CLARKE,
Chairman, London Sessions

DEAR SIR,—I should have thought it beyond dispute that the two Italians you sent to jail for "receiving" 30,000 stolen cigarettes are aliens of a particularly undesirable type.

Yet when the police suggested that they should be recommended for deportation, you could see no reason for doing so.

I could have found several. And I can't understand why anyone should be deported if aliens who batten on crime are allowed to remain.

JOHN BULL.

The MAGISTRATES,
Grimsby

GENTLEMEN,—An underpaid servant girl of fourteen said she stole a few shillings to return home because her employer's son had been "rude to her" and she was frightened.

Her employer's impudent answer was that the lad might have done what she complained of to a girl he fancied, but not to a girl like her.

Now, that little girl was of excellent character and you rightly discharged her. But, since you admonished her, why on earth didn't you also rebuke her precious employer?

JOHN BULL.

JOSEPH ARTHUR TAYLOR,
Salford

TAYLOR,—At the early age of twenty-four you have been disqualified from driving a car for life, as well as being fined, for taking a corner at fifty miles an hour and knocking down a man.

If the sentence seems harsh, remember that it is a duty of magistrates to set examples to young people who endanger other people's lives out of sheer swank.

Settle down as a sensible fellow. Then I should be the last to object if, after a few years, the magistrates should decide to give you another chance.

JOHN BULL.

Alderman HERBERT SMITH,
Mayor of Barnsley

DEAR HERBERT,—Always a great fighter for the miners, you are now acting as a peacemaker in court cases.

The other day, for instance, you insisted on having a private talk with a woman who wanted a separation order, and finally you succeeded in persuading her and her husband to make a fresh start for the sake of their child.

If more magistrates had your homely common-sense there would be far fewer married couples drifting apart.

JOHN BULL.

ECCLES CEMETERY COMMITTEE: You have abandoned idea to install gramophone in cemetery to play music at funerals "on grounds of expense." I can think of still better reason.—JOHN BULL.

Rev. ROWNTREE CLIFFORD,
President, Baptist Union

DEAR MR. CLIFFORD,—You have been in churches, you say, where the poorer women of the mothers' meeting must go in the gallery, or even the back of the gallery.

I wish you would make public the names of the parsons responsible for this disgraceful practice. They should, indeed, be hounded out of their livings for flagrantly ignoring the teachings of their Master.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. HOPKIN MORGAN, J.P.,
Pontypool

DEAR SIR,—"No wonder girls become dishonest when they are given such low wages," you said when a girl of seventeen told you she received 6s. 8d. a week, out of which she had to pay 3s. for fares.

The only thing I wonder at is that it is not an offence to pay such disgusting wages.

JOHN BULL.

Rev. J. HESLOP,
Gisburn, Yorkshire

DEAR VICAR,—Mothers in your parish are demanding cookery classes as they resent their daughters coming home from school and telling them how to cook.

Well, that's a compliment to the local education committee, of which you are chairman.

But it's also a compliment to themselves, for women who are always willing to learn must be first-rate housewives.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. BOWEN DAVIES, K.C.,
Recorder of Merthyr Tydvil

DEAR SIR,—A few months ago I paid tribute to the heroism of Merthyr Tydvil, where more people are out of work than in.

Now you have paid tribute to the town's honesty, remarking that the ten thousand unemployed citizens "hold on with a splendid spirit of tenacity and courage to the decencies of life."

Knowing how many people are more anxious to sneer than help, I welcome your confirmation.

JOHN BULL.

The Champion England Needs To-day

by

A. G. Gardiner

"We do well to remember with gratitude the great name of Charles Bradlaugh"

THE centenary of the birth of Charles Bradlaugh, which has been celebrated this week, comes at a fitting moment. The whole structure of human liberty is being assailed throughout the world. In Italy, in Russia, in Germany—indeed over the whole face of Europe from the Rhine—it has collapsed and dictatorship and despotism are enthroned over the human mind.

There is no country, not even our own, where freedom is not threatened. A tidal wave of reaction has set in which is sweeping away the achievements of generations like so many sand castles by the seashore, and the free human spirit is being thrust back into the dark ages of persecution and proscription.

It is well that at such a time we should be reminded of that formidable and tempestuous figure who fought the battle of liberty in this country fifty years ago. What a man he was! What mighty blows he dealt! What a triumph was his!

I remember him well as I first saw him at a great gathering in Lancashire when his struggle was at its height and when he was anti-Christ to one half of the world and the voice of Liberty to the other half. I recall the huge frame, the combative, clean-shaven face with its long protruding upper lip, the torrential eloquence, the hard dogmatism and the shining honesty of the man.

Voice of thunder

His speech was like a battering-ram. Before its impact the walls of whatever Jericho he was assailing seemed visibly to collapse. You could hear them crumbling and see them falling, so terrific and resistless seemed the onset. In its energy and force I have never heard the like of that eloquence since. The world needs to hear its like again. For the victory he won then has to be won again in Europe, and may have to be won again here.

There has been no personal victory on so great a scale, or attended with such beneficent consequences, in our time. And by his victory I don't refer to his opinion on the theological controversy which first brought him into prominence. He was a tornado of dogmatism, and I had then and have now a like passion for the dogmatic atheist as for the dogmatic believer.

His real contribution to history was his immortal struggle for human liberty in all its aspects. In that cause he stands in the great line of the world's deliverers and idol breakers, with Hampden and Burke, Washington and Fox, Thomas Paine, and (ruffian though he was in some respects) John Wilkes.

For forty years his life was one ceaseless battle with embattled privilege and despotic tyranny. If he was not fighting for the liberty of the printed word or the spoken speech at home, the thunders of his voice were heard against every violation of freedom abroad.

Won every fight

He loved England so much that he would not tolerate any wrong done in her name. He fought for justice to the Indians. He fought for freedom for Ireland. His career culminated in the mighty struggle for liberty of conscience in Parliament.

And every battle he waged he won. The things for which he fought and for advocating which he was arrested and prosecuted are the commonplaces of to-day.

The blasphemy laws are gone or so modified that they have ceased to be a restraint upon freedom of enquiry. Women's suffrage is accomplished. It is no longer, in these days of birth control, a crime to discuss the population question with the frankness for which he was prepared to go to prison.

Events in Ireland and now in India have fulfilled or are fulfilling the claim he made for the liberties of others.

He won freedom of conscience for Parliament, and lived to see the House of Commons solemnly erase from its records the stain those records had put upon his name.

It is the spirit of Bradlaugh that the world needs to invoke to-day.

Lord Morley, when Secretary for India, was one day complaining to me of the petty pin-pricks to which he had been subjected in the House of Commons. "It is not criticism I complain of," he said. "It is the ignorant nagging of ill-informed busybodies. What Parliament needs is a great independent critical voice that has no axe to grind."

Passion for liberty

"A Cobden?" I said. "No," he replied. "A Bradlaugh, fearless, independent, disinterested—the greatest private Member of my time."

Bradlaugh made history not merely because he conquered Parliament, but because he created public opinion. He created it by the singleness of his passion and by the unrivalled force of his appeal. His passion was for justice and liberty, and his appeal was always to the reason.

He was a supreme agitator, but he was no demagogue. He did not preach class hatred, for he was an extreme individualist. He believed that personal liberty operating through free and popularly controlled institutions was the secret of good government.

In pursuit of that goal he sacrificed his whole life and bore without complaint the slanders and misrepresentation that followed him almost to the grave. No personal consideration ever entered into his calculation. He wanted nothing but the victory of the cause to which he dedicated his life. His probity was above challenge. There was no price of office or reward upon his vote.

In the end he won in Parliament as he had won in the country. It took him six years of struggle and persecution that made him a prematurely old man, but in the few brief years that remained to him the House of Commons came to recognise in him one of the greatest debaters and one of the most incorruptible Englishmen who ever sat in Parliament.

The world has need of that voice and that heroic spirit now. Liberty in Europe is being crushed between the hammer and the anvil. Parliamentary government is collapsing from one end of the Continent to the other, and the dictators, in Mussolini's phrase, are trampling on "the decaying corpse of the Goddess of Liberty."

Honour that name!

Freedom of speech, freedom of the Press, freedom of combination have ceased to exist. Labour is reduced to a condition of serfdom, and the concentration camps are filled with thousands of men—many of them the cream of the nation—whose only offence is that they are suspected of being opposed to the government. Even the Churches have been put in chains and turned into propaganda agencies of the dictators.

If this country has so far escaped this wave of barbarism it is only because the sacrifices of men like Charles Bradlaugh have established our liberties on a deeper foundation than those of less fortunate countries. Democratic government with us is not a thing of yesterday, as it is with Italy or Germany. It is the growth of centuries.

But even here we can feel the reverberations of the earthquake that is swallowing up the liberties of the Continent. Never was there greater need of that "eternal vigilance" which is the price of liberty.

In this we have not only a duty to ourselves: we have a duty to the world. If the flag of freedom is kept aloft here it will, when the storm is over, be the signal and example to the nations that have become enslaved. If it is hauled down here the beacon light of liberty will have gone out all over Europe and will not be lit again in our time.

That is why we do well to remember with gratitude the great name of Charles Bradlaugh, and we shall honour that name most by dedicating ourselves to the defence of those liberties for which he lived and, in a very real sense, died.

Not from the B.B.C.—Mr. Sidney J. Wicks, of Manchester, on

Kitty of the Keyboard

SHE is nicely dressed and pretty
And is "something in the City,"
Though what she is is not exactly plain;
She is called a secretary,
But if you (like me) are wary,
When so informed you'll take of salt a grain.

You have seen her, neat and sprightly,
And have smiled at her politely,
You have heard her dulcet accents on the 'phone;
Even I myself have greeted her
Respectfully and treated her
As if she were a pow'r behind the throne.

Sitting at her old typewriter,
She can make an office brighter;
Yet this demoiselle should get it in the neck,
For the fact is that, however
Tactful she may be and clever,
She isn't an Incorporated Sec.!

Being myself incorporated, hall-marked and warranted unshrinkable, I hold that none is genuine that doesn't bear my label.

This is what moved me to say, in an address to the Incorporated Secretaries' Association: "There are many who answer the name of secretary to-day. There are the attractive young women who are really typists in disguise, the product of favouritism, and called secretaries because it flatters both their employers and their own social status."

This I considered honest plain speaking; yet you should have heard the chorus of protest which issued from the artistically painted lips of hundreds of imperfectly disguised typists!

Even now I can hear their voices above the rattle of many keyboards: "Typists disguised as secretaries! We like that! More often we are secretaries disguised (and paid) as typists!"

Nevertheless, I venture to suggest that a secretary—by which I mean that paragon of mental efficiency and professional acumen, an incorporated secretary—requires other qualifications than a talent for making tea and impersonating a little ray of sunshine.

Too often a girl gets a position in an office and calls herself a secretary merely because someone admires her great big beautiful eyes. But genuine incorporated secretaries (and all others, including Secretaries of State and the secretary of the Balham Darts Club, are base imitations) do not descend to plucking their eyebrows in the hope of plucking a job from a City pigeon.

Incorporated secretaries may not be excessively decorative, but at least they are not the "product of favouritism"—a phrase which I am not prepared to withdraw, despite the rhymed protest of a pseudo-secretary who signs herself "Lucky Lulu":

Each joyful day, from nine,
I languidly recline
Like an Eastern princess on her rich divan,
Typing gaily scores of letters,
Void of grammar, for my betters—
The petted darling of the City clan!

Keeping from the boss's doors
All the most entrancing bores
Is my idea of quite the best of fun!
And I feel so blithe and gay
In the middle of the day,
Making merry on some Bovril and a bun!

Taking 'phone calls makes me happy,
For no one is *ever* snappy!
Life, in fact, is just a constant round of jam!
But my conscience sometimes pricks,
For, of course, dear Mr. Wicks,
Sheer favouritism's put me where I am!

CADBURY'S REVEAL

why Bourn-vita is better for sleep and energy

The independent proof of Bourn-vita's superiority

The digestibility and "digestive power" of a food-drink determine, very largely, its ability to help you to sleep. And here are authoritative figures showing the "digestive power" of Bourn-vita as compared with that of the other leading food-drinks. These figures are provided by a famous Professor of Bio-chemistry who has conducted an independent research into this important subject in the bio-chemical laboratories of one of our largest Universities, submitting all the food-drinks in question to the standard "diastatic value" test. "Diastase" is the scientific name given to the natural digestive which is found in malt.

— RESULT OF TEST —

Diastatic power of BOURN-VITA—**49.8** (Lintner units)

Diastatic power of Next Highest—**29.0** (Lintner units)

(Diastatic power of the lowest 2.2; the average of the eight tested being 12.1.)

Note the immense superiority of Bourn-vita!

. . Scientific test shows Bourn-vita to be supremely rich in "diastase," a great natural aid to the human digestion . . .

WHAT IS DIASTASE? First, you should know that it is the amount of diastase in a food-drink which determines, very largely, how much extra help that food-drink can give you towards sleeping better and gaining more energy. It is a natural digestive which occurs in malt—in varying quantities. It eases and increases the digestion of the foods you eat. It acts directly upon the undigested food it meets with in your digestive system, preventing it causing discomfort, and enabling it to be more speedily and more fully used to repair waste and restore energy.

THE REVEALING TEST

A famous Professor of Bio-chemistry has measured the amount of diastase present in Bourn-vita and also in the other leading food-drinks. In the bio-chemical laboratories of one of our great universities he has submitted them all to the standard scientific tests for diastatic (or digestive) power. His report on these tests (details are given in the panel above) now provides scientific proof of what thousands of ordinary people have already proved by experience—Bourn-vita's superiority as an aid to better sleep and more abundant energy. It shows Bourn-vita to be richer in diastase than any of the other food-drinks.

THE SUPERIORITY OF BOURN-VITA

That is why you experience an instant calming, comforting effect when you take Bourn-vita at bedtime. The diastase relieves your digestion of overwork. The body is free to relax. At the same time the ingredients in Bourn-vita are so carefully calculated that your whole digestive system is left with *just enough* light work to do—to ensure that it will draw away the blood from your restless brain for its own uses, calming the nerves and soothing the mind—to ensure that it is kept quietly happy and comfortable during the night.

REFRESHED WHILE YOU SLEEP

Then, while you sleep so peacefully and comfortably, those bodily processes which can only do their work while you are sound asleep, are able to make the fullest possible use of the wonderful waste-repairing and energy-making nourishment which the British malt, fresh milk, new-laid eggs and chocolate in Bourn-vita provide. Thus you wake in the morning completely rested — full of energy and health.

Start taking Bourn-vita to-night, and take it regularly. It's delicious.

¼ lb. - 9d. • ½ lb. - 1/5
WEIGHT GUARANTEED

Cadbury's

BOURN-VITA

for sleep and energy

Mr. and Mrs. Marsh and their ten-year-old son, Jackie. This child has been saved from captivity. What of his sister?

A NOBLE FATHER *Hounded to Court*

—SON SAVED from ASYLUM DOOM

EVERY week for the past ten years in this country 160 fresh cases of mental deficiency have been officially reported.

This appalling average — which excludes all cases of insanity and other mental disorders—has been obtained by the lunacy authorities in large part by the wrongful and reckless certification of young people.

It is upon the families of the working class that the raid for asylum recruits has been exclusively concentrated, and any child in these families who is merely dull in learning or who has been in some minor trouble is now regarded as a ready-made captive.

From the volume of evidence which has been obtained by JOHN BULL regarding this unbridled and unlicensed interference with human liberty, it is not going too far to say that most of the children and young men and women now imprisoned in lunatic asylums would not be there if they had been independently medically examined before being certified.

The law does not allow this to be done.

Desperate fight

The imperative need for such a simple safeguard—even though it ends in the asylums being almost emptied and thousands of lunacy recruiting agents having to find other work—is made very plain in the case of Mr. John Marsh, of 38, Handford Cut, Ipswich.

Mr. Marsh, a man in humble circumstances, desperately fighting to save his ten-year-old son from the clutches of the official kidnappers and himself from going to prison, acted regardless of the law.

In doing so, he has put a nasty spoke in the wheel of the devouring lunacy machine.

Fully to appreciate the significance of Mr. Marsh's action, it is necessary first to understand the circumstances in which another child, a daughter, was taken from him. The manner in which she was removed from her home is typical of what happens in thousands of cases.

This girl, Gertie, is now over sixteen, and she is healthy, sane, and in all respects normal. Yet she is still held in an asylum, and, as the Board of Lunacy Control is loth to surrender its intelligent and able-bodied young prisoners, she will seemingly remain there for ever.

Some years ago Gertie Marsh was put into her terrible bondage solely in consequence of a totally unproved charge of theft.

A number of small articles found at her school were alleged to have been taken from a shop in Ipswich.

Suspicion was fastened upon the child, who stoutly denied any knowledge of them and whose parents were satisfied that she was innocent.

No police proceedings were ever taken.

The opportunity, however, was too good to be missed by the lunacy officers.

In the absence of Gertie's father, they came to the house and told her mother to send her into the back garden to see how she behaved.

Bewildered by the intrusion of the officials to her home and their sternness towards her, the little girl merely stood in the garden with her thumb between her lips.

"Look!" said one of them. "A normal child wouldn't stand like that. Call her in."

Back in the house, Gertie was subjected to close inspection.

"She is small for her age," said one of the inquisitors. "That is almost a sure sign that a child is also mentally deficient."

"Goodness gracious! What is this?" exclaimed another, pointing to a bald patch, about the size of a farthing, on the girl's head.

Mrs. Marsh explained that Gertie had for some months been in weak health, and that the blemish was a temporary one, common among growing girls.

The lunacy representatives shook their heads. "No," they said. "It is another sign of mental deficiency."

It did not enter Mrs. Marsh's mind that she had the right to order these absurd people to leave her house. Working-class mothers are, unfortunately, easily imposed upon by the blandness or assertiveness of officious meddlers who enter their houses with an assumption of right and authority. Otherwise the sinister lunacy system of this country would have been broken long ago.

Twenty-four hours later Mr. Marsh was ordered to appear before a welfare committee. Its investigators, he was told, were satisfied that his daughter was a mental defective, and it had been decided that she would be placed in a big asylum at Colchester.

The father was stunned. He protested that his child was sane and had done no wrong. He pleaded. With tears on his cheeks, he begged for mercy for himself and the girl.

The threat

"If you do not hand her over at once, if you resist us," was the only reply, "we will set the law in motion against you and have you sent to prison."

Next morning a woman "welfare" worker called at the house in a motor-car and took Gertie away to the mad-house.

In the years that have passed since he was robbed of his daughter, Mr. Marsh has tried strenuously to persuade the Board of Lunacy Control to give her back to him. He has, of course, only been given the refusal which thousands of other parents in similar distress receive automatically from this omnipotent and autocratic Board.

Recently, when Gertie became sixteen, Mr. Marsh redoubled his efforts to have her released. It was all in vain.

And his trouble was made worse by the fact that the lunacy authorities were by then turning their attention upon his ten-year-old son, Jackie.

Little Jackie Marsh, they discovered, had once shared with other boys some sweets which had been stolen, and on another occasion had taken a joy-ride on a bicycle which did not belong to him.

Worse still, in the eyes of the lunacy agents, the ten-year-old boy was said to be slow in his school work. He was, therefore, certified as mentally deficient and the father was ordered to hand him over to be imprisoned also in the Colchester asylum.

Great play—regardless of the circumstances—was made with the fact that Jackie's sister was already in captivity. When one child in a family has been seized, it is made so much easier for the lunacy officials to take another one. They can then speak about "heredity."

Once bitten, Mr. Marsh determined now to fight. He informed the authorities that he would never voluntarily surrender his son, and would go to prison again and again rather than submit.

His challenge was accepted. He was summoned to appear at Ipswich Police Court for refusing to give the boy into the custody of an asylum.

To the magistrates the father showed specimens of his little son's art and handicraft. "If he is put in an asylum," said Mr. Marsh, "I should be there too. I can only read and write with difficulty and my father and his father were the same. Yet we have all been good craftsmen and my boy will become one also."

The lunacy representatives in court were adamant.

But the Bench saw reason to grant a brief adjournment of the case.

Mr. Marsh came to JOHN BULL. We had the case investigated on the spot and saw the need for urgent action.

Our report was placed before the National Society for Lunacy Law Reform, and the co-operation of Miss Ethel James, a leading member of the Ipswich Town Council, was obtained.

Mr. Marsh made a number of appearances before the magistrates, and on each occasion was able to obtain adjournments

When he went into the dock for the last time, he presented a document to the court.

Unknown to the lunacy administrators, Jackie Marsh had in the interval been thoroughly examined by one of the greatest independent mental specialists in the land.

It was his report which was handed in.

"*On examining the boy,*" the document read, "*I found him quite a bright, intelligent little fellow, responding in a way that did not differ from what is to be expected from a boy who is normal. . . . Jack Marsh cannot justifiably be classed as a mental defective in the sense that is intended by Act of Parliament.*"

Restore the other!

And the eminent specialist added a reminder of the fact which the lunacy authorities to-day disregard, that a brain which may be incapable of "book-work" may yet be perfectly normal for the ordinary conditions of life.

The Ipswich magistrates did not hesitate. They ordered Jackie Marsh to be restored to his parents and home.

Officialdom was routed.

But for the intervention and the possibility in this case of an independent examination, the boy would by now be with his sister in the asylum.

And what of Gertie Marsh? For the greater part of her asylum imprisonment she has been used only as a domestic drudge. When enquiry was last made at the asylum it was reported that she was a "splendid little scrubber"!

She must also now be surrendered.

The experiences of this one family illustrate fully the vicious lunacy system in all its twists and tragedy.

It is because we know there are countless cases of the kind that JOHN BULL brings the story of Gertie and Jackie Marsh to the public notice.

LURKING TRAGEDY

CHILDREN have an extra special interest in the shops just now. In fact, there are more noses pressed against the square yard of glass-pane than at any other time except Christmas.

Bright-hued tubes of cardboard hold the youngsters fascinated. Old favourites under a new name set them counting their pennies.

The reason?

Bonfire Night is only a month distant, and the month of intensive rehearsal has begun already.

Great fun for the children, of course. But have you ever thought of the tragedies—the stories of homes gutted and even lives lost—behind it?

There is the story of a woman reader at Manchester, for instance. Opposite her house is a piece of waste land which children use for their firework displays.

Much to her anxiety—for she has always been fearful about the danger to her own little home—they staged there what was nothing more nor less than a Brock's Benefit Night in miniature, ending with the thrill of the evening—the discharge of their biggest rocket.

Their cheers followed it to the highest point of its flight, and then died down fearfully as it made for the house opposite. It was in utter silence that they saw it crash through the window, and saw smoke and flame rising within.

A terrible thing for any woman who is proud of her home, made worse, in this instance, because the worried housewife's husband was abroad on business.

She knew that for five years they had been registered readers of JOHN BULL, and that by signing a coupon similar to one you will find on page 38 they had become entitled to the widest of all free insurance schemes. But was she covered against the damage to bedding, curtains and other things? And what was she to do without a husband there to help her?

But all that was taken out of her hands. Because she had taken the precaution of signing, we paid. And the moral is that terrible domestic misfortunes are often smoothed out by simple precautions that cost nothing.

SEE WHERE YOU'RE GOING THIS WINTER!

As brilliant as they make them — and as safe and simple — that's the Ever Ready Electric Cycle Lamp! Turn a screw, and the darkest road is visible far ahead. Motor headlights cannot daunt the powerful Ever Ready beam. There is neither smoke nor smell, mess nor matches necessary. Low running costs: only ½d. an hour if the Every Ready battery is inside the lamp. Ask for the Ever Ready Cycle Lamp at your cycle shop — now available in all-white and coloured cellulose as well as the popular all-black and chromium plate models. Every lamp *guaranteed* satisfactory.

AN EVER READY CYCLE LAMP WILL SHOW YOU THE WAY!

EVER READY

Regd. Trade Mark

CYCLE LAMPS

ALL WHITE—ALL BLACK 2/6

CHROMIUM PLATE (Brass Body) 5/-

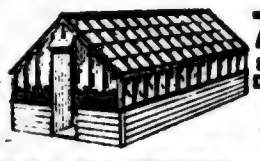
The Ever Ready Co. (Gt. Britain) Ltd. Hercules Place, Holloway, London, N.7

BATH'S ALL SECTIONAL BUILDINGS

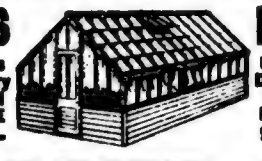
Easiest to Erect. Best Materials. Most Workmanlike appearance and by far the Cheapest.

GREENHOUSES Supplied in 6 complete sections, together with staging for plants and ridgeboard. Each section is a complete whole—you simply screw sides, ends and roof together. Lower part of sides and ends covered with ½ in. planed, rebated, and moulded weatherboard. Very strongly made with 2 in. timbers, the main framing forming 3 in. x 2 in. when erected. Door, ventilators, and sash bars fitted at works. All sash bars properly rabbeted for glass. Roof sections are constructed with lower rail correctly made to carry off rain water. Ridgeboard for top with weather capping. Door hung on strong hinges complete with necessary fittings. Ventilators according to size, with iron casement stay for opening. Staging for plants, complete with necessary legs and bearers, provided for both sides of house. Best horticultural glass supplied throughout and sufficient paint for one coat.

5/- Secure Delivery CASH PRICE 55/-



7/6 Secure Delivery CASH PRICE 75/-



10/- Secure Delivery CASH PRICE 95/-

STRAND SPAN ROOF GREENHOUSE or 5/- deposit with order and 12 Mt. to Ht. to Cash mtly.

Lth.	Wth.	ridge	eaves	Cr.Pd.	pyts
7ft.	5ft.	7 ft.	4ft.	£2 15 0	4/6
9ft.	6ft.	7¼ft.	4ft.	£3 15 0	5/6
10ft.	7ft.	7¼ft.	4¼ft.	£4 17 6	5/6
12ft.	8ft.	8 ft.	5 ft.	£5 10 0	11/6
15ft.	9ft.	8 ft.	5 ft.	£7 15 0	14/0

GEM SPAN ROOF GREENHOUSE or 7/6 deposit with order and 12 Mt. to Ht. to Cash mtly.

Lth.	Wth.	ridge	eaves	Cr.Pd.	pyts
7ft.	5ft.	7ft.	4ft.	£3 15 0	6/6
9ft.	6ft.	7¼ft.	4ft.	£4 15 0	8/6
10ft.	7ft.	7¼ft.	4¼ft.	£5 17 6	10/0
12ft.	8ft.	8ft.	5ft.	£8 0 0	14/0
15ft.	9ft.	8ft.	5ft.	£9 15 0	17/6

VILLA SPAN ROOF GREENHOUSE or 10/- deposit with order and 12 Mt. to Ht. to Cash mtly.

Lth.	Wth.	ridge	eaves	Cr.Pd.	pyts
7ft.	5ft.	7ft.	4ft.	£4 15 0	8/0
9ft.	6ft.	7¼ft.	4ft.	£5 17 6	10/0
10ft.	7ft.	7¼ft.	4¼ft.	£7 2 6	12/6
12ft.	8ft.	8ft.	5ft.	£9 10 0	16/0
15ft.	9ft.	8ft.	5ft.	£11 17 6	21/0

NOTE OUR SIZES:—LENGTH, WIDTH & HEIGHT. For other designs see List.

POULTRY HOUSES—"THE SAVOY." 5/-

Strongly constructed of ½ in. planed, rebated, and moulded weatherboards, on extra strong frame. Fitted with up-and-down ventilating shutter over best galvanised wire netting. Door on strong hinges with necessary fittings. In complete, easily-fixed sections. Roof of ½ in. planed, rebated, and moulded weatherboards.

Secure Delivery Cash Price 30/-

L.	W.	Ht.	Cash price carriage paid	or Deposit with order	and 12 monthly payments of	Flr. extra.
ft.	ft.	ft.				
6	4	4	£1 10 0	5/0	2/6	3/0
7	5	4½	£2 5 0	5/0	4/0	12/0
8	6	5	£2 5 0	5/0	6/0	15/0

Inside Nest Boxes, 6s. extra.

For other designs see List.

MARVEL HUTS Suitable for Tool Sheds, Potting Sheds, Cycle Houses and numerous other purposes. Can be adapted for small Pavilion, Dressing Room, or Canteen for Sports Clubs. Substantially constructed, the four sides and roof in complete sections ready to screw together. Strongly framed and covered with ½ in. planed, rebated, and moulded weatherboards. Door on strong hinges, with necessary fittings, window complete with glass. Roof covered with ½ in. rebated boards and bituminous roofing. 5/-

Secure Delivery. CASH PRICE 85/-

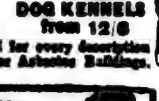
No.	L.	W.	Ht. to eves.	Cash price	or Deposit with order	and 12 mthly. payments of	Floor Extra
164A.	ft.	ft.	ft.				
	6	4	7	£1 15 0	5/0	3/0	3/0
	7	5	7	£2 10 0	5/0	4/6	12/6
	8	6	7	£3 5 0	5/0	5/6	15/0
10	9	7	8	£3 15 0	5/0	6/6	£1/5/0
12	8	7	8	£5 0 0	5/0	9/0	£1/10/0
15	9	8	8	£6 15 0	5/0	12/0	£2/10/0

For other Designs see List.

FREE DELIVERY by Lorry or Rail.

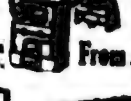
COAL BUNKERS from 19/6

DOG KENNELS from 12/6



Estimates FREE for every description of Wood, Iron or Asbestos Buildings.

HOT WATER HEATING APPARATUS For Greenhouses, Houses, etc. From £3 Carr. Paid. Easy Terms.



GARDEN FRAMES from 12/6

For other Designs see List.

MOTOR HOUSES from 67/6 OR 5/6 MONTHLY.

BUNGALOWS from £19/10/0

Write for FREE ILLUSTRATED LIST:

T. BATH & CO. Ltd., 3-7, SOUTHAMPTON ST., STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

Brighter Prospects Assured..

if assured by the **"PEARL"**

Effect an Endowment Policy and look forward to a comfortable retirement. By this means a "reserve" (for example £1,000 plus bonuses) will be available when it is most necessary:—

(1) At your retirement,

or (2) For the protection of your dependents in the event of earlier death.

In addition you will be allowed income tax abatement in respect of premiums paid. Larger and smaller policies are granted.

To THE JOINT MANAGING DIRECTORS,
PEARL ASSURANCE CO. LTD.,
HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON W.C.1.

Please supply particulars of how I can obtain £.....

at age..... My age next birthday will be.....

Name.....
(State whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....

(8) J.B. 30.9.33 *Enquiry form* **AN ENQUIRY WILL INCUR NO OBLIGATION**

Does Your Mirror Reflect Rough, Pimply Skin?

Then Use

CUTICURA

and have a clear skin

Anoint the affected parts with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off after a short time with Cuticura Soap and hot water and continue bathing for several minutes. Pimples, rashes and all forms of skin troubles quickly yield to this treatment.

Sold at all chemists.

Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Soap 1s.

Weekly Informations from Major-General Sir WYNDHAM CHILDS

WORST QUACK *in a* New Mask

AN amazing and infinite variety of appeal lies in the business repertory of the modern medical "quack."

These individuals are attacked and disproved at one point, fade away for a time, and then lift their heads again under some different guise with some other remarkable "cure" which they offer at a price for the good of humanity, and the advantage of their own bank balances.

One of the latest of these practitioners to come to my notice is a man by the name of James Johnston, who practises under the title of the Marylebone Laboratories, Ltd., at Walmar House, Regent Street, London.

Deafness is the affliction which Mr. Johnston claims to treat successfully, and he has embarked on an elaborate advertising campaign with the object of attracting unfortunate sufferers to his so-called laboratories.

The advertisements, which have appeared in some of the leading national newspapers, are cleverly drafted. They call attention to the "considerable success which has attended the treatment of this distressing disability by the branch of electro-therapeutics known as diathermy."

Only fully qualified doctors, such as this one, should be allowed to treat such a delicate organ as the human ear

Delightfully vague

This kind of pseudo-medical jargon is combined with the introduction of the names of several foreign scientists—alive and dead—who are recognised as experts in certain phases of experimental electrical-medical work.

But it is not made at all clear in the advertisement why this imposing list of eminent professors should be used as a kind of asset by Mr. James Johnston of the Marylebone Laboratories.

Continuing, the advertisement states:

"In the aural-theremy method scientific use is made of the ability of high-frequency oscillations to generate internal heat, and the causes of deafness are combated in *no less than seven distinct ways*. Deaf persons are made to hear again in a natural way with their own ears."

Enquiries I have had made at the offices of Marylebone Laboratories show that Mr. James Johnston has an excellent suite of rooms on the first floor of Walmar House. The enquirer is received by a young woman receptionist, whose business it is to fix appointments for her principal.

Should a question as to the medical qualifications of Mr. Johnston be put to this assistant, she is delightfully vague. "I believe that he is a doctor," she will say. "But I have been here only a short time. I know he has been engaged on medical work."

With prospective patients Mr. Johnston carries out an examination, and in addition they have to answer a long questionnaire as to their deafness and its general effect on health.

Professional touch

In consultation the deaf cure practitioner will make great play with a sectional model of the human ear, which he takes to pieces in order to illustrate his discourse. A woman in nursing uniform is present to attend on prospective patients and to add a professional touch to the appearance of the rooms as a clinic.

Electrical treatment of sorts is given to patients at the "laboratories," but the real business of Mr. Johnston, I find, is to sell his electrical appliance for home use.

He declares that the appliance has to be made specially to the requirements of each individual patient, and that is the reason why the device is expensive.

Actually, he will ask as much as £40 for the apparatus.

Under the Johnston method the electric heat rays, which are supposed to make the deaf hear, are passed into the ear through the finger-tips of the patient.

While Mr. Johnston appears to be extracting good money from afflicted people, he modestly withholds the nature of his qualifications for treating so delicate an organ as the ear.

The truth is that he is a plain and unvarnished "quack."

But there is considerably more behind this business when the history of the Marylebone Laboratories, Ltd., is examined.

This concern is a small private company, registered at Somerset House in May, with a capital of only £500. Of that capital £400 has been issued. Mr. James Johnston, whose home address is given at Palm Road, Romford, Essex, is the only director, and holds forty of the £1 shares.

Master quack

Chief proprietor of the laboratories is one Mendal Max Turner, of Hurstwood Road, Golders Green, London, N.W.

Now that name of Mendal Max Turner is of exceptional interest in connection with any alleged medical scheme. For Max Turner is one of the names used by a persistent quack who has been associated with all manner of medical enterprises of an unsatisfactory nature.

I would point out that he has been exposed in JOHN BULL on a previous occasion as one of the worst quacks in the world!

His career as a quack is international, for he has operated in South Africa, in France, in the Irish Free State and elsewhere abroad as well as in many of the principal cities and towns of Great Britain.

The names he uses in connection with his medical businesses are infinite in variety. Sometimes he is Arthur Lewis or Professor Lewis; at others he is Arthur Mackenzie or Max Turner; or he may appear as H. C. M. and L. M. Davis.

It is difficult indeed to give the man his correct name, for he has had so many changes. But Mendal Max Turner is the one employed most commonly of late. He is a man of alien origin, and his real name is Abraham Gittleson.

Max Turner or Arthur Lewis or any one of the other names he uses has tried a wide assortment of health and curative money-making schemes—"sun-ray" centres and optical clinics, as well as all manner of alleged methods for curing deafness.

Not long ago he was moving between the provincial towns of England starting branches for the demonstration and sale of his deafness cure appliances.

He sold the goods to believing patients and advocated an extended trial. Then he would disappear, leaving behind him an assortment of unpaid debts and a large number of unfortunate dupes.

Irishism . . .

One of his most successful campaigns was in Dublin, where he registered a company, "Hearite, Ltd.," in accordance with the requirements of the Irish Free State. From Dublin he fled when numbers of deluded people were demanding their money back.

Lewis or Turner has no medical qualification whatever, although he describes himself as a "London ear specialist."

It is of some significance—having regard to the exploits of this man in the Irish Free State and his chief proprietorship in the new Regent Street venture—that James Johnston, the practitioner at the Marylebone Laboratories, is an Irish chemist.

He uses after his name the letters L.P.S.I., M.P.S.N.I., which show he is associated with the Pharmaceutical Societies in the Free State and in Northern Ireland.

Those qualifications do not, of course, entitle Johnston to set up in business as a practising chemist on this side of the Irish Sea. Before he could do that he would have to register with the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain, when a full enquiry would be made into his professional antecedents.

But, unfortunately, regulations governing medical treatment are not so exacting. There is no law to prevent him setting up with his electrical devices for the treatment of deafness as director of a company in the background of which is Mendal Max Turner.

The disclosures I have made, however, may go a long way towards curbing his activities in the name of Marylebone Laboratories, Ltd.

Homely Wisdom by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

When SILENCE is a VIRTUE

THE question has recently been put to me: Is it right for a person to confess an injury done to another if the revelation will only cause pain to him or her to whom the confession is made? And I have unhesitatingly answered that in nearly every case it would be quite definitely wrong to perform such an action. Silence is best.

For instance, let us suppose that someone you are fond of has spoken ill of you, believing at the time that he spoke the truth.

If he knows you better now and is your firm friend, what good would it do for him to talk about the poor opinion he once had of you and his reason for holding it.

He would unnecessarily hurt your feelings and perhaps cause estrangement between you. If you were wise you would tell him you did not want to hear anything of the sort and that you were content to enjoy his friendship now.

Of course, the problem would be different if he had injured you in the esteem of someone else. It would be his duty to put that wrong right. Some people have a passion for knowing the worst that others have said about them. That is a sure way of destroying their own peace. Never seek to know any such thing if you can possibly avoid it; and never take notice of it unless the slander is so serious as to destroy your good name among people whose respect you value.

There is a malicious streak in some natures which prompts them to reveal what they know to another's discredit without considering the mischief they may do in the telling. What a hateful thing it is to ruin the happiness of a home circle by exposing some folly of husband or son and causing grief to wife or parent in the process.

To sow suspicion and mistrust between old friends in the same manner is as wicked.

If you have reason to believe that a friend or neighbour is being tricked by a plausible deceiver you may be morally bound to open his eyes even at some risk to yourself; but this is not likely to happen very often in life.

What does happen far too commonly is that people take an unholy pleasure in blighting a reputation without reasonable cause.

If you happen to have come into possession of a secret that would break an innocent heart if told, you would be a dastard if you told it. If no one would be the worse for your silence, keep your knowledge to yourself.

And if you are yourself the culprit, and long to ask forgiveness of one against whom you have sinned, be careful what you do. That longing of yours may be pure selfishness.

If your disclosure can only be made at the cost of lasting sorrow to one who cares for you and believes in you, do not rashly wound that love and trust.

The test of sincerity in speaking or being silent is consideration for the happiness of those with whom you have to do. And there is no relationship in life wherein the truest kindness does not sometimes require a sealing of the lips.

Good tempered? well this tobacco is too!

There's no harshness or heat in Bondman

Empire or Virginia Tobacco? Whichever you prefer, you want it in perfect condition, Neither damp nor heat can spoil the even temper and fragrant flavour of Bondman, because the freshness of each ounce is sealed in 1-oz. Vacuum Tins. Don't fail to give Bondman a trial.

11½d PER OZ.— *RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA*

10d PER OZ. *A BLEND OF COLONIAL & VIRGINIAN TOBACCOS*

LLOYDS
BONDMAN TOBACCO
SEALED IN 1 OZ. VACUUM TINS

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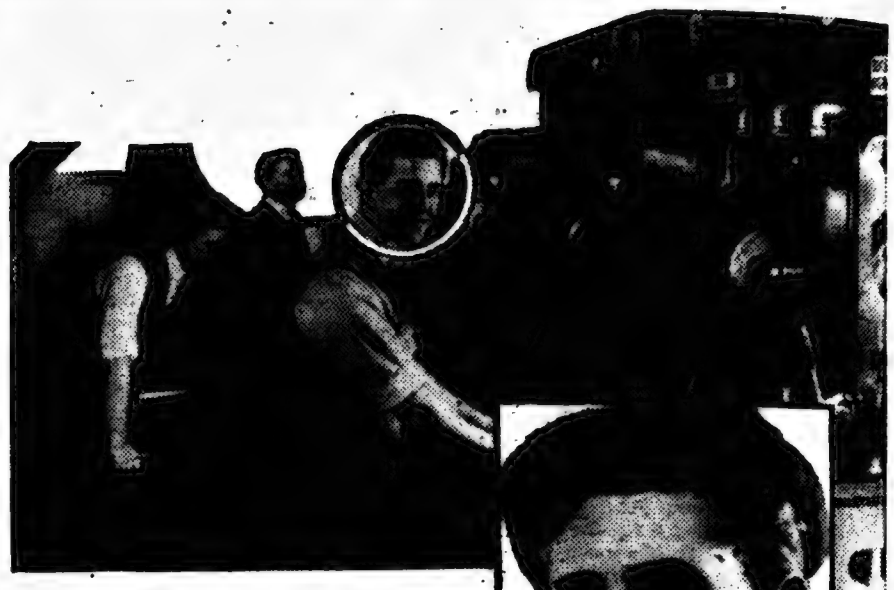

Now he's got a better job!

Right from the start the Works Manager had taken more notice of Lane than of the other men. For Lane impressed him. That's how the Manager came to see he was cut out for a better job. Lane's well-shaved appearance showed to advantage against the stubbly chins of his workmates. Clearly Lane isn't one of those fellows who shaves with ordinary soap, nor shaves one day and misses the next. Not he! By using Lever's Easy Shaving Stick he enjoys a quick, clean shave *every* day. Just try Lever's Easy Shaving Stick yourself and see how good a really good shave is! See how the creamy lather softens the beard—makes a cool, speedy shave a simple matter. Naturally—for Lever's Easy is made for the job. Yet it costs only sixpence and you get a hundred perfect shaves—the kind that may earn you pounds more in a year!

If you don't pass a dealer's shop on your way to the works, see that your Lever's Easy is on the household shopping list.

100 shaves for 6d

A LEVER PRODUCT

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PROGRESSIVE AGENTS WANTED!

BY THE MOST PROGRESSIVE CLUB ORGANISATION IN GREAT BRITAIN!

To live, active Agents we offer the largest *Cash Commission* and the opportunity of building up a rapidly increasing spare-time income.

Our reputation for fair dealing, prompt service and outstanding value for money is firmly established all over the country and our Agents have a prestige that ensures them a steadily growing number of enthusiastic members and customers.

Write for full particulars,

Dept. J.B.8,

BOLSOMS' ASSOCIATED TRADERS LTD.,
GLASGOW TERRACE, LONDON, S.W.1.

Stricken Family's Terrible ORDEAL

IT is time that a searchlight of enquiry was directed towards certain aspects of the Navy, Army and Air Force Institutes, that remarkable trading undertaking which exists—as its motto proclaims—to serve the British Services.

"N.A.A.F.I."—to use its abbreviated title—is unique in its own particular way. It is registered at Somerset House as an association not for profit.

It is a Service organisation, not a Government one, and is, in fact, the means by which the Services buy wholesale in order to sell to themselves retail, while retaining for themselves the surpluses arising from that transaction. There are no shareholders, and the corporation therefore has no real interests to consider apart from those of the Services.

Although N.A.A.F.I. stands apart from all Government control, it enjoys a very direct measure of Government protection. It occupies premises placed at its disposal by the Government, and has a monopoly of trading in camps and barracks, at naval and air stations.

In addition to conducting canteens, N.A.A.F.I. is also a gigantic general stores which supplies officers and men, their wives and children, with every conceivable article of personal and domestic requirement.

Privileged

Thus N.A.A.F.I. is placed in a special and privileged position in competing with the taxpaying trading interests of the country.

Behind their monopoly entrenchments, the Navy, Army and Air Force Institutes have been remarkably successful from a financial point of view. For several years past their annual profit has exceeded £400,000.

The last balance-sheet shows also a general reserve account of £456,000, and a capital reserve of £989,000.

This immensely wealthy trading corporation is under the executive control of a board of management consisting of one Navy, one Army and one R.A.F. representative, and three civilian members with commercial experience. The chairman of the board is Sir Murrough J. Wilson, who is also a director of railway and insurance companies.

Apart from the management board, there is a council composed of twelve distinguished officers of the Services. These council members are unpaid, and their function is simply to determine the policy of the business in accordance with the wishes of the Admiralty, the War Office and the Air Ministry respectively.

Now, having regard to the official constitution and the financial position of N.A.A.F.I., it is extremely disquieting to know that complaints have arisen regarding the treatment of employees.

Among some of the matters brought to the notice of JOHN BULL are the following:

Large numbers of foreigners are employed in canteens abroad in work which could be and should be carried on by Englishmen, though it has always been a boast of the institutes that they desire to provide employment for ex-Servicemen.

This employment of foreigners is naturally resented by the troops using the canteens, as it is felt that an institution catering solely for the Services should be British to the backbone.

Now for a specific instance.

We take as one particularly grievous case that of Mr. A. H. Williams, of Rainham, Essex, an ex-sergeant of the Coldstream Guards, who until recently was canteen manager in the Middle East, serving N.A.A.F.I. in Egypt and Palestine.

This case is of special interest, for it provides an example of how an Englishman of good character and ability can suffer by a preference extended to foreigners in the N.A.A.F.I. service.

Family's plight

Mr. Williams was employed under a four years' contract at a wage of £4 a week plus board and lodging, and was sent, after training at home, to Egypt. A promise was given him that, when he was confirmed in his appointment as a manager, and suitable quarters were available, his wife and young family should be sent from England to join him.

After being in charge of canteens in Egypt, Mr. Williams was drafted to Palestine to take over the canteen at Ramleh.

On an assurance that suitable quarters would be available, Mrs. Williams was despatched by headquarters in London to Palestine.

But while she and the children were at sea the canteen quarters were allotted to a Russian clerk and his wife. Mr. Williams was in desperation. *His wife and youngsters were due to arrive in a few days and there was no place in the camp where they could be housed!*

Sir Murrough Wilson who is chairman of the Board of Management of N.A.A.F.I. will doubtless investigate the tragic case here described

Imperial Court, Headquarters of N.A.A.F.I.

At last, after much searching, Mr. Williams discovered a small bungalow in an Arab village two miles from the canteen, and here, by force of circumstance, he had to establish a "home" for an English woman and children.

All the neighbours were natives. There was no kind of sanitation at the bungalow whatever. Water had to be fetched each day on donkey back, at the cost of 1½d. a small can.

Could it be wondered at that under such conditions the health of this family straight from England was affected?

One of the children was stricken with scarlet fever and had to be removed to hospital. The whole household was placed in quarantine—a quite necessary precaution—but something much more drastic was to follow.

The only source of food purchase for the Williamses was the N.A.A.F.I. And by orders from the area manager in Cairo this was denied them. No one from the N.A.A.F.I. was permitted even to deliver goods at the bungalow.

Mr. Williams, his wife and the other children were completely cut off from all British food supplies.

After this terrible experience of hardship and owing to the conditions under which she was living—the one white woman in an Arab settlement—Mrs. Williams contracted tuberculosis, and it was necessary for her to be moved eight hundred miles away to a sanatorium at Beyrout.

In order to maintain his wife at the sanatorium, Mr. Williams contracted a debt with N.A.A.F.I. on a promise to repay £1 a week from his weekly salary of £4.

He did so on the understanding that he had another two years' engagement under his contract.

The time came when Mrs. Williams was sufficiently strong to be moved for the journey back to England, and Mr. Williams was given permission to accompany her.

Following their return, Mr. Williams was called to Imperial Court, Kennington, the head office of N.A.A.F.I. But there were no expressions of sympathy—no regret at the terrible sufferings he and his family had been forced to endure. He was simply told that his services were no further required!

The outstanding balance of the loan advanced him on account of the sanatorium expenses was deducted at once from the amount of wages he was entitled to draw.

So, after untold hardships, this ex-soldier and efficient canteen manager was thrown upon the labour market to find some other means of livelihood. He had, moreover, the handicap of an invalid wife, whose ill-health was largely due to the intolerable conditions of her life in Palestine.

Overhaul needed

How admirably Mr. Williams served the N.A.A.F.I. while overseas is emphasised by the testimonial given him by the squadron leader commanding the Air Force station at Ramleh.

"He has," states the testimonial, "brought the catering side of this station up to a pitch that it has not achieved during the past two years. I wish to put on record my sincere regrets at losing him, and only hope I may have the fortune to have this capable and hardworking manager under me at some future date."

Such a reference speaks for itself. Yet Mr. Williams was paid off, and no further work was offered him under N.A.A.F.I.

And throughout the Middle East and elsewhere there are British Service canteens under the charge of foreigners.

A case like this surely calls for the strictest investigation by the board of management.

Sir Murrough Wilson and his colleagues of the management board, and behind them the members of the council, should take the necessary steps to place the position of N.A.A.F.I. as a great employer of labour outside any possibility of attack or comparison with the less favoured and unprotected taxpaying trading undertakings.

THE BOOK OF THE CENTURY

Do You Remember?

DO you remember the sensational Sidney Street siege illustrated above? That is just one of the eventful incidents recorded in "The Pageant of the Century"—JOHN BULL's amazing new presentation to every reader.

This mighty original work of over 700 pages and 1,500 unforgettable photographs is a unique and wonderful pictorial panorama of all that has happened from 1900 to 1933—the only book of its kind in the world.

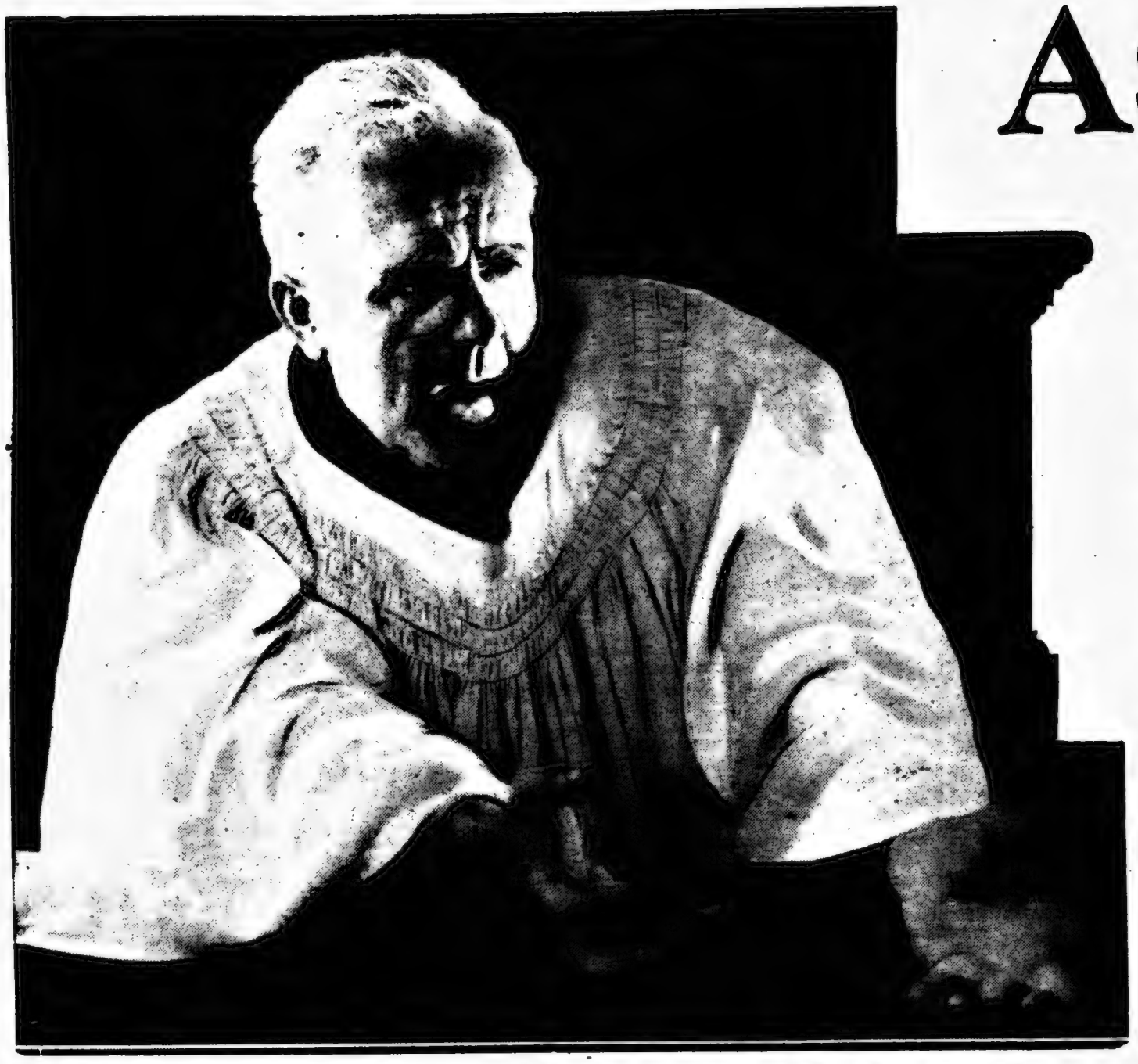
Your final opportunity to secure a copy appears on pages 4 and 5. Apply now, before it is too late.

A TRIP TO VENUS

Edgar Rice Burroughs, most popular romantic novelist, sets the stage in the *Passing Show*, out to-morrow, for his greatest story yet, which tells of a rocket voyage to another planet!

He tells of Carson Napier, the man with the telepathic power, who has designed a giant rocket machine in order to visit new, inhuman worlds!

The publication of the novel in serial form is a great scoop. Don't miss it!



ASSASSIN

"The vicar's sermon must have been preached under terrible stress . . .

"I REGARD blackmail as one degree—if one degree—less than murder; it is assassination of the soul!"

No one could quarrel with this assertion of Sir Ernest Wild, K.C., at the Old Bailey last week; but we can hardly endorse the Recorder's further observation that "we are excising this cancer from our midst."

On the contrary, blackmail is more flourishing to-day than it has ever been, simply because the majority of victims have not the courage to come forward and invoke the law.

And there is one grave aspect of this growing menace that has so far escaped public comment. It is that ministers of the Church are the especial prey of blackmailers, who know that the position of the clergy makes them even more reluctant to face publicity than people in other callings.

The records at Scotland Yard hold hundreds of cases where men in holy orders have been specially singled out for persistent persecution by harpies who have held over them the threat of exposure for some temporary human lapse.

Tragedy

The tragic death of the Reverend Samuel Selfridge, at Wallasey, Cheshire, the other day, presents one more piece of evidence of this.

He was well known in ecclesiastical circles at home and abroad. From the time of leaving St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, in 1899, to enter the Church, he had been beloved by all who met him, and he had done great work in all the parishes with which he had been associated.

In South-east London, where he held livings for years before becoming vicar of South Scarle, Nottingham, he proved himself a welfare worker of the highest character.

Yet in death it was revealed that he was the victim of blackmailers, and when he went to Nottingham nine years ago he was already in their toils.

His old parishioners of St. Philip's, Camberwell, St. Mary Magdalene's, Southwark, and elsewhere would have seen in him a changed man.

His old fire was gone. Often he entered his pulpit with his brain in turmoil, and if his later congregations thought his sermons sometimes dull and listless, they could not guess at the dreadful secret locked in his heart.

For years he suffered agonies of mind in silence, constantly under the shadow of dastardly blackmailers, to whom he paid and paid again as the price of their silence respecting a lapse of twenty years ago.

In the end he was driven to take his life in sheer despair.

The Reverend Samuel Selfridge—as we say—was but one of countless clergymen whose lives are every day being overshadowed and ruined in this way.

It is small wonder that experienced blackmailers regard ordained clergymen as easy and safe prey. An official guarantee of anonymity as "Mr. X" or "Mr. Y" which sometimes moves ordinary victims to prosecute their persecutors can offer small solace to a clergyman, whose chief dread is exposure before the Church authorities.

The thought of being called before the Bishop of their diocese and having some lapse of youth laid bare keeps them in a constant state of apprehension and makes them play readily into a blackmailer's hands.

In many instances clergymen are deliberately trapped into false positions by rogues who have first satisfied themselves that their prospective victims have ample private means and are worthwhile prey.

Marked down

A terrible experience befell a clergyman who was well known and respected in a certain East Anglian community.

He was in the habit of journeying to London once a week to attend a service conducted by an old college friend. At least, that was his avowed mission, but sometimes he would also make his visit purely a pleasure trip.

There was nothing very grave in this small deceit on his part, but it was sufficient to prompt a gang of expert blackmailers to mark him down as promising prey.

On one of his visits to town it was arranged that a woman decoy should strike up an acquaintance with him by posing as a "welfare worker."

She very soon gained the clergyman's confidence, and when the friendship between them had been allowed to ripen, she invited him to call upon her at her flat.

The reverend gentleman walked into this cunningly spread net, and while he and the supposed "welfare worker" were in conversation another woman let herself into the flat with a key and confronted them.

Before the bewildered clergyman had recovered from this surprise two men rushed in and, posing as relatives of the women, made terrible accusations against the trapped victim.

Under threats of "exposure" before his wife, his Bishop and his congregation, the wretched dupe foolishly agreed to pay the small sum demanded as the price of silence.

That was the beginning of a long period of torment for him. Having got him into their clutches, the gang never left him in peace. Further demands were made, and in his despair he parted with several additional sums of money.

In his calmer moments he must have realised that by telling the simple truth before a judge and jury he could have succeeded in getting his four persecutors lodged in jail. But there was the constant dread of being the centre of objectionable publicity and of having to explain everything to his Bishop.

Harpy in the pew

One day, goaded almost beyond endurance, he decided to try to frighten his blackmailers by taking "a strong line." He told them bluntly that if they still pursued him he would lay a trap for them and have them arrested in the act of pressing him for money.

But he underestimated the audacity of this gang. Hardened criminals all, they laughed in his face and told him that he was asking for trouble.

He was soon to learn what this meant.

On the following Sunday, as he was about to leave his vicarage to take the morning service at his church, the leading member of the gang accosted him and threatened that he would be exposed before his congregation there and then if he failed to meet their demands.

The distracted victim begged the blackmailer to wait until after the service and then reopen the discussion. A promise was given and the vicar proceeded to his church.

For his text that morning the vicar selected the following passage from St. Matthew:

"Do good to them that hate you; and pray for them who despitefully use you and persecute you."

His sermon must have been preached under terrible stress, for imagine the vicar's feelings on mounting the pulpit to discover that his persecutor was gazing steadily upon him from a front pew!

Known woman

In the end the victim did what he should have done in the first place—he went to Scotland Yard and lodged a complaint.

So long and involved was his story that he had to pay three separate visits to the Yard before his statement was completed.

Superintendent Hambrook, in whose hands this case was placed, decided to round up the blackmailers without loss of time.

Skilled men were set to work to keep the four people concerned under close observation. It was found that one of the women had already figured in other grave cases, and there was soon ample evidence to justify the arrest of all four.

But at this stage the clergyman refused to go on. He simply could not bring himself to face the pub-

INS of the SOUL

Amazing Disclosures of Blackmailed Clergy

licity, and without his essential evidence as prosecutor nothing could be done.

The case, like so many similar ones, had to be dropped. All the fine police work was laid waste.

Another instance concerns a clergyman who had spent many years in the East, where he eventually married. His wife left him for another man, and later, when he had returned to England to take up a living in a South Coast resort, he married again, believing his first wife to be dead.

Certain blackmailers, with the uncanny intelligence service that is characteristic of most of their operations, gathered details of his life abroad and came to him with a story that his first wife was still alive.

Disgraced

They threatened to denounce him as a bigamist, and with visions of seeing his home life wrecked and himself disgraced in the eyes of the Church, this wretched man was bled of all he possessed, and finally had to abandon his living.

The Bishop of Truro had a particularly sad case to deal with some months ago concerning a very popular clergyman, much loved in the diocese. A viler case of blackmail can hardly be imagined, and the victim must have suffered terribly.

In the course of his ministration to the sick of his parish he visited a woman with whom he and his wife had become friendly.

As the outcome of this perfectly innocent visit he was accused by the woman's husband of most outrageous behaviour.

All the allegations were false, but, like all men in his profession, he could not afford to come under any suspicion. In his first panic he paid £100 as the price of silence, and having thus placed himself in a false position, was pressed for much greater sums.

His persecutor played his cards cleverly and even invented a mythical firm of solicitors which was supposed to be ready to commence proceedings against him. A letter had been prepared and would be despatched to the Bishop of Truro unless adequate financial recompense was made.

When nearly £1,500 had thus been wrung from him, the clergyman took his courage in both hands and decided to tell everything to the Bishop himself.

He at once found sympathy and understanding, for the Bishop was soon satisfied that the charges were quite without foundation.

The outcome was a heavy sentence for the blackmailer.

As an example of how deliberate traps may be set for unsuspecting ministers of the Church, we may cite the experience of a provincial clergyman who chanced to enter into conversation with a boy in a London park.

He only made natural enquiries concerning the lad's ambitions and tendered a few kindly words of advice. But what he did not know was that the boy came from criminal stock, and that when he returned home he related the story of this encounter to his father.

This man immediately saw a golden opportunity and encouraged the lad to seek out the clergyman again.

A trap

Meanwhile the father got into touch with his criminal confederates and a pretty little plot was hatched.

The boy, in ignorance of the fact that he was being used as a decoy, was urged to ask the clergyman's advice about his future, and in the belief that he was doing good work the clergyman met him on several occasions to offer him the kindly guidance he appeared to need.

A perfectly innocent note, which he wrote to the lad to break an appointment and to make another for a later date, fell into the blackmailers' hands, and, thus armed, a member of the gang at once confronted the clergyman with terrible accusations.

Then two other members came forward and backed up their confederate with the pretence that the boy had "confessed" that he had been a party to unspeakable behaviour.

Hopelessly trapped, the clergyman paid his accusers money. But, finally, he realised his folly in thus playing into their hands, and laid the facts before the Vine Street police. This had the effect of silencing his persecutors, but nothing could be done to punish them as the clergyman flatly refused to face the floodlight of a prosecution.

Bogus agent

To err is human, and in some cases the victim is a man who has been guilty of some serious lapse.

A case of this kind occurred in connection with a young clergyman who was attached to a church in a southern county.

Apart from his education and the keen desires of his parents, he was at heart quite unfitted for the Church.

In his leisure hours he sought the company of certain undesirable people, who, although he travelled always in mufti, soon learnt who he really was.

A bogus enquiry agent was, with the cognisance of a woman whose house he frequented, detailed to collect indisputable evidence of his movements.

For weeks, at specially arranged times, he was carefully shadowed, and in due course a male confederate of this woman encountered him with a specially prepared report of his secret operations.

To save the good name of his parents and of the Church, he paid time and again.

Finally, he went to Scotland Yard and, though he was loth to prosecute, his pursuers took fright and have since left him alone.

Repeated instances of this kind might be given to show how ministers of the Church have been bled unmercifully because of their natural fear of being associated with any unsavoury publicity.

Bled white

There is one case on record of a very well known clergyman who actually stood in fear of going to jail because of a series of gross charges that were lodged against him by three young men.

The clergyman, who was very wealthy, was in the habit of employing several manservants, and a butler, who had been a short while in his service, suddenly came forward with unfounded charges against his former master.

Instead of calling the police, as he should have done, the clergyman met the former butler's demand for money.

Somehow a rumour of this reached the police, and when enquiries were started, the blackmailer, in an attempt to bluff, repeated his charges on oath, two of his confederates coming forward with similar allegations.

This triple-bound "evidence" compelled the police to act, and the clergyman was arrested and had to stand trial. He was easily able to prove that the accusations were groundless, and admitted that only the fear of an enquiry before his Bishop had deterred him from starting a prosecution against the blackmailers.

Bishop acts—

Even high dignitaries themselves have been marked down by certain of the more daring blackmailers, and a most audacious attempt in this direction was made not long ago to intimidate a Bishop with false charges.

The culprits were soon shown the door.

Realising that it was his duty to bring such unprincipled scoundrels to book, the Bishop immediately communicated with the local Chief Constable.

The result was the speedy arrest and conviction of the would-be blackmailers.

We commend this example to those of lesser eminence in the Church who may find themselves placed in a similar position.

Our advice

Victims must realise that the remedy lies in their own hands. They must come forward, not only to save themselves but for the sake of others who may fall into blackmailers' clutches.

If innocent, they have nothing whatever to fear from publicity, and only by taking this firm stand can this terrible evil be stamped out. If the clergy take this lead other victims of the blackmailer will surely follow.

. . . for his persecutor was gazing steadily upon him from a front pew"

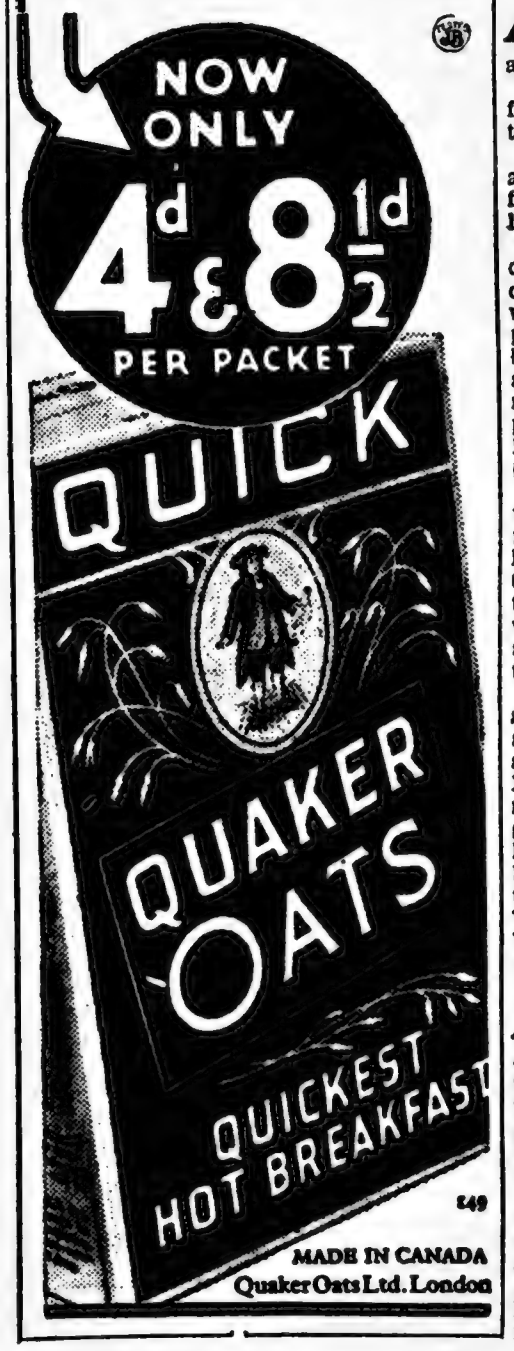
Reduced in price!

Always the most economical and nourishing of breakfasts, Quaker Oats at its new reduced price provides a substantial and stamina-building breakfast without equal . . . nothing so cheap, so good—nothing so good, so cheap.

Only Nature's richest oats are sold as Quaker Oats and a special roasting process gives to Quaker that delicious creamy flavour no other cereal has ever been able to imitate.

To preserve its purity and flavour and protect the contents from impurities, Quaker Oats is sold only in sealed packets.

A quick no-trouble breakfast too—*Quick* Quaker is ready in 4 minutes.



"JOHN BULL" Readers' Stories —55—

The arsonists' plot. . A torrent of molten wax . . and a grim fight for life amidst spreading flames . .

"Panting, employing every ounce of strength, we continued to fight in silence . . ."

Caught in a WAXWORKS INFERNO

THE poster caught my eye, and sent memory hurrying helter-skelter back into the past. Had it not been for that, I might never have set down this true story for JOHN BULL. But adventure comes to every man at least once in a lifetime, and this kinema poster, with its garish picture of a waxworks exhibition in flames and numerous highly-coloured figures melting into shapelessness, reminded me vividly of the occasion when high adventure and thrilling excitement came to me.

It happened in New York six years ago, and began one morning when I noticed a line of bedraggled and half-starved men waiting along Broadway beneath a half-finished electric sign that announced "The World's Greatest Wax Museum . . " and had fastened beneath it a small board, "Hands wanted."

I lined up too, for I wanted work like the rest, and after about an hour's wait a door opened.

We all tumbled through pell-mell, as if this were a Rugger scrimmage, and were directed through semi-gloom, past weird groups of sheet-veiled somethings, to a little office.

There two men sat ready to interview us. These I will call Mr. Burke and Mr. Kennedy, and since they were afterwards very much in the news, it will do no harm to describe them. Burke was a little fat man, sallow and very much alert. Kennedy, on the other hand, looked a typical bruiser. He sat there with his hat on, clothed like his partner in an extremely loud suiting—a thick-set monster, even taller than I was.

AND this is saying a good deal, for I have always been burly and big.

"Ever had any experience as a commissionaire?" asked Kennedy.

"Never in my life," I replied truthfully, "but I can do the job as well as the next man if it's regular."

"It's a job for life!" came the answer. "You can take it on. Twenty-five dollars a week. Hours we'll tell you later."

So that was that, and if any readers of this paper were in New York in 1927 or 1928, they may remember me and the world's greatest wax museum, as the place styled itself. There I stood, between a representation of Adam and Eve and a tableau of a murder, shouting the merits of the place and looking as important as I could in my bebuttoned beige coat.

Except in the early weeks, there were not many visitors, and I did not wonder at it. The show was large, with two exhibition halls and a Chamber of Horrors, but the figures, I thought, were of no great merit. It was when the stream of patrons died down and we still remained open that I began to wonder.

The staff was not large, consisting simply of two attendants, a cashier girl and myself—and I was the odd-job man as well as commissionaire and showman. I had to stoke up the boilers early in the morning, then array myself in my grandeur and so remain till we closed at half-past ten at night. So that the staff bill was light—but the rent of the place, there in the middle of the Great White Way, must have been rather expensive. Why were we keeping open?

AFTER a time, I ceased to bother. Open we remained, and it was not very long before I found a way of saving money. I was always the first to reach the place in the morning and the last to leave at night. The proprietors appeared only once a week, if then. Why should I not live in the waxworks and save my lodging costs?

The plan seemed to be excellent whichever way I looked at it, and accordingly I moved in, without telling a soul or asking anybody's permission. By day, my bedroom showed the Death of Napoleon. By night, Napoleon died on the floor; I had whisked sheets over his bed, and all my toilet articles, my clothes and some of my food came out of the Frenchie's cupboards.

Then, as I tucked myself in for the night, the Faithful Lieutenant of Buonaparte stood above me and wished me happy dreams!

Frightened? Not at all. I was too accustomed to those waxen effigies to feel any fear. I had removed the shrouds from them before the exhibition opened, and every week I dusted them and polished their buttons. The folks who talk about sleeping in the Chamber of Horrors for a night have nothing to fear, you can take my word!

One day Mr. Burke came to the entrance and drew me on one side. "Mr. ——" said he, "we've been good employers to you, haven't we?"

"You have!"

"Very well, then. Now, I want to ask you to do something for me. The insurance companies demand that we have a night watchman, but not so very many people come here, you understand, and Mr. Kennedy does not want to go to the expense of engaging another hand. So, if anyone asks, you're our watchman. *Only if anybody asks!*"

I thought then about telling him of my sleeping quarters, but ten dollars saved is ten dollars, and if he were to object, I should be ten dollars to the bad every week. So I kept silent, but I could not help reflecting that there was something queer even in his request.

The exhibition was plainly not paying its expenses, yet the staff was comparatively well paid and the doors remained open. What was wrong? Something was!

I had been in the "waxworks profes-

(*Continued on page 24*)

"I used to JUMP if a door slammed

"Now—I feel brand new"

"The Zeppelins used to come right over our house in Kent during the War. But I wasn't run down then — so I didn't get nerves at all!

OVERWORKED BY LARGE FAMILY

"This last winter, having a big family to look after — and practically no one to help me — made me so run down that even my nerves got tired out. It was just sheer overwork. I used to jump if a door slammed or a car banged . . . Then a friend of mine who's a trained nurse told me plainly how nervous breakdowns happen.

WHAT THE NURSE SAID

"She said I needed Hall's Wine. The very first wineglassful seemed to rest my nerves. Taking it regularly after meals, for 2 months, I was as well and strong again as during the War. Overwork or nerves don't bother me now. I feel brand new. Wishing your Hall's Wine every success." (*Mrs.*) *L. Bracewell, 7 Kidacre Street, Leeds.*

DELICIOUS TONIC

Isn't it worth 5/6 never to be tired out?

Hall's Wine is recommended by the British Analytical Control Ltd. Prepared from the formula of a well-known doctor, it has a quick and lasting effect no other tonic gives. Thousands of letters prove it. Hundreds of letters from nurses (*actual letters open for inspection*) prove its wonderful results even more. Start today! From all Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists. Price everywhere, 5/6. Stephen Smith and Company, Limited, Bow, London, E.3.

HALL'S WINE

STRENGTHENS YOU IF TIRED OR RUN DOWN

NOW—CLEAN TEETH THE RIGHT WAY!

Keep them Film-free with Pepsodent. See coupon.

"White sparkling teeth a matter of luck? By no means," says dental science.

Dull lustreless teeth are due to a film that is constantly forming—discolouring teeth and endangering them.

Film clings to teeth so tightly that ordinary ways of cleaning failed to combat it. So science evolved Pepsodent tooth paste.

Pepsodent contains a special polishing material. Its power to remove film is revolutionary; it has the distinction of being twice as soft as other materials in common use.

Test Pepsodent. Watch the new whiteness of your teeth; send the coupon.

The Pepsodent Co. (Dept. 69) Park Royal Rd., London, N.W.10
Send me free 10-day tube of Pepsodent. I enclose 1½d in stamps to cover postage

Name _____

Address _____

J.B. 30/9.

You need never hesitate to buy goods advertised in "John Bull"—they are all Guaranteed.

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on p. 29.

It seems a funny thing to do, this adding milk to milk. But no breakfast food can do you good unless you eat it all up. Adding a spoonful of Nestlé's to cornflakes makes them richer, creamier, more nourishing – and much nicer. We never have scenes in our house at the outset of the day.

Nestlé's Milk

adds goodness and gladness to breakfast

"LOOK AT HIS LOVELY COAT!"

Do people say this about your dog?

The quality of your dog's coat depends on the purity of his blood, but unless you have conditioned your dog lately his coat cannot be fit to be admired.

After all the overheating he has endured throughout the summer, your dog's coat is dull and ragged. Because his skin is non-porous your dog cannot rid his blood of impurities by perspiring, and he needs Bob Martin's Condition Powders to purify his blood and restore the "bloom" to his coat.

Start **NOW** to condition your dog regularly with Bob Martin's Condition Powders, which purify the blood, preventing and curing the common blood disorders, such as **loose coat, listlessness, loss of appetite, continual scratching, sulky temper, eczema** and **swellings between the toes.**

FREE SAMPLE PACKET. A free sample packet of Bob Martin's Condition Powders (full 6d. size) may be had on application, stating breed and age of dog, to Bob Martin Ltd., 43, Union Street, Southport.

1/- boxes of 21 powders, and 6d. packets of 9 powders, from dog biscuit shops, chemists and big stores. L.S.5.

BOB MARTIN'S CONDITION POWDERS

Keep dogs fit—ALWAYS

ASTHMA

BRONCHITIS, CROUP

Catarrh and Hay Fever

Asthma and Bronchitis makes life a burden, robs the sufferer of restful sleep at night and often compels absence from employment. Is this your experience? Are you troubled by that awful difficulty of breathing and sensation of suffocation that leave you weak and exhausted? If so, go to your chemist at once for Potter's Asthma Cure. It will give you soothing and immediate relief. Entirely free from opiates, and cannot cause headache. It is the best remedy for Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, etc.

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

Is supplied by all chemists in full-sized tins at 1/6, or direct, post free 1/9, from Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60, Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

IT will cost you NOTHING

to find out how you can make sure of a comfortable income or capital sum, or provide for your family in case of need, by filling in the coupons in the advertisements on pages 16 and 29.

The Night Alarm!

(*Continued from page 22*)

sion" for eighteen months before things happened, and then they happened with a rush.

One evening I was sleeping in Old Bony's bed as usual when something awoke me, something that stirred my every nerve into intense activity. Faint sounds, I fancied, and—unmistakably—the odour of smoke.

Fire! Fire in that place in which every figure was roaring fuel and every curtain and drapery ready to set the holocaust flaring higher and higher! And, what was more—for I slept on the first floor—fire beneath my very feet!

I leapt up and dashed towards the communicating stairway. Abraham Lincoln, Queen Victoria, President Wilson and many lesser notabilities watched me pass, and even in that moment of excitement the thought flashed through my head, "It's no good watching me. You're going to be burned!"

Now, as I reached the stairway, I could see the stirring glow of the fire. It was not intense and it seemed that perhaps there was still hope if I could get down to the basement and turn on the hydrants, which would then rain down water from the ceilings.

I nearly flew down to the first landing and was leaping down the rest of the stairs when a strange thing drew me up. Across the fire-illuminated wall a shadow had passed.

I went more cautiously to the ground floor door and peeped in warily. An almost uncanny sight met my eyes. We had a figure of Joan of Arc with brushwood and straw heaped round her, while the girl raised pious eyes to heaven, and here the fire had obviously been kindled.

IT crackled and danced round the stake and roared with frenzy up to the saint's waist, while every other figure in the hall, lit up by the glow, appeared to be watching and seemed to stir mysteriously as if in excitement. Three figures near to Joan were also aflame, and one, a past King of England, was melting and bowed low, a ludicrous leer on his face, as if in dreadful homage to the Maid.

I saw all this in far less time than it takes to tell, in a split second, and in that time, too, my eyes swept the whole assembly. Charles Dickens, Victor Hugo, Voltaire, the grim effigies of the French

A scene from the film "The Mystery of the Wax Museum." Our reader tells of another riddle in a world of effigies

Revolution, kings, queens and celebrities—all seemed to be in their places and I could see no human figure.

Perhaps my eyes had deceived me over that shadow, or perhaps it had leapt across the wall as the flames fluttered around some form of wax. And yet a dozen men could stand motionless in that crowd and escape my search.

But the fire was not yet one of uncontrollable dimensions, and I grabbed a bucket of sand from the wall and flung it at one of the figures and stamped and tore at the train of Good Queen Bess in an attempt to stop the blaze spreading. Useless, though, to fight like this. To the hydrants!

I dashed past Joan the Maid and a score of others before the attack came. From the depths of a curtained alcove a shape detached itself and jumped silently towards me. I saw it coming out of the corner of my eye and put up a fist and wheeled to meet the shock. I saw, too, what and whom this figure was. It was a man, the redoubtable Mr. Kennedy.

And in that instant I saw the whole plan. The mystery of the wax museum was explained. The rascally couple were fire-bugs, ready for arson in a big way. The whole exhibition had been staged in order that the place might be insured at more than its worth, and subsequently destroyed. All this in a flash and there was no time for further reasoning.

We met in a mighty collision and grappled and tussled. And as the flames climbed higher and higher, roaring savagely, and all that host of dummies danced in a last wild Witches' Sabbath, we struggled this way and that, fighting for very life. He was slightly taller than I, but I fancied I had the best knowledge of hand-to-hand fighting.

I had him down on the floor once and then turned to run. Fatal mistake! He had a greater "jump" than I imagined, and in a moment had swung upon my back and brought me down with a crash. His hand went towards his pocket, and I saw what he intended to do.

I made a superhuman effort and turned and twisted, and, locked together, now he uppermost and now I, we slowly rolled towards the flames. A tapestry on the wall had now caught fire and all one side of the hall was well and truly alight.

Panting, employing every ounce of strength, dealing blows and receiving them without consciousness of pain, we continued to fight in silence. Always he strived to drag something from his pocket; continually I struggled to prevent him.

Several times we knocked against the figures that stood stolidly against this drama beneath their noses. They toppled over and we fought beneath them and above them—the struggle went on.

Shameful to admit, Kennedy won at last. He succeeded in getting to his pocket. Whish! One blow from that rubber life preserver and I lay inert.

How long I lay there I do not know, nor was I aware of the further movements of Kennedy. I might easily have been burned alive, I suppose, possibly after being mercifully stifled by smoke, but an alarm bell rang in my brain that urged me to rouse myself and escape. At ordinary times a life preserver may bring unconsciousness for several hours. I fancy that with me the effect lasted a bare few minutes.

WHEN I opened my eyes and struggled up, the ceiling was crashing down. Everything was an inferno of heat, the figures about me distorted into a hundred absurd attitudes. The smell was intolerable. My eyes burned and I could only grope towards the foyer door.

Well, the blaze at the waxworks was one of the big items of next day's news, and I need hardly add that the place had been burned well and truly. But I couldn't forget my grudge against Kennedy. He had not thought of sparing my life; I would not bother twice about his pocket.

The police, however, had known things before I did. The officer whom I interviewed informed me cheerfully that both Burke and Kennedy had been arrested that morning.

"Did you realise before," he asked cheerfully, "that everything in the exhibition was so arranged that the fire could spread from Joan of Arc? We had most of the evidence months ago. That pair have always been too spectacular in their stunts."

NEXT WEEK: A steeplejack recounts the most thrilling experience of his adventurous career.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips." When the same "slip" is sent by more than one reader, prize is awarded to first opened.

THE HALIFAX COURIER:—"The conductor of the —— Society played suitable SEIDLE music on the organ."

NORTH-EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE:—"Upon their instructions a LITTER was sent."

LINCOLN, RUTLAND AND STAMFORD MERCURY:—"Subsequently luncheon was served in a MARQUESS."

THE CITIZEN:—"Seven people were in peril when a motor COAT in which they had set out was dashed on to the end of the groyne."

BRISTOL EVENING POST:—"She dropped over 35 feet, and, striking a GLASS slope, rolled another 30 feet."

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR, BOSTON:—"In 1925 he captured 171 wickets in the course of one GAME against ESSEX."

BALLARAT COURIER:—"What do you think of MANGLES or field turnips for sheep or cattle?"

BIRMINGHAM MAIL:—"Police were searching for traces of a man who jumped out of some BRUSHES."

The "Greatest of These—" Fund

A STIFF FIGHT

Harry

ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD Harry, the eldest of six—three boys and three girls—met with calamity last April. He was run over, and has had to have one of his legs amputated.

His mother, who could get no compensation, as it was declared to be the boy's own fault, not only had to face the shock of the accident, but had to sell the bit of home she had to keep out the bailiff.

Speaking of Harry, she says: "There is many a morning the lad gets up, and I have not got a bit of bread to give him."

Unemployment is, of course, the cause of their poverty. The headmaster of the school Harry's father attended gives him this character:

"I have known Harry's father for the past eighteen years. He was one of my scholars, and I have kept in touch with him ever since he left school. He bears the very cleanest of characters, his morals being distinctly good.

"He has practically been unemployed for five years, and having a large family—six in number—the eldest being eleven and a half, he, as you know, has had a stiff fight.

"Now the eldest has had the misfortune to lose his leg by being run over, which again has added considerably to the troubles of the family. I might add that at the time of the accident the boy was one of my scholars.

"During all this, the father has shown great self-respect and courage, and I feel deserves great sympathy."

The best sympathy our readers can extend to Harry and his father is by sending financial help earmarked "Harry," which will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given, and should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Lists of donations are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Even Mother Listens

Just hear Rice Krispies snap and crackle in milk or cream! That's how crisp these toasted rice bubbles are. That's why children love them.

And Kellogg's Rice Krispies are so good for grown-ups too. Nourishing rice. Easy to digest. Always oven-fresh. No cooking required. Sold by all grocers in the red-and-green packet.

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"My complexion secret? OLIVE OIL in soap"

That fresh, clear, radiant complexion is kept lovely by this daily treatment: work up a smooth lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water; massage this gently into the skin; rinse with warm water; then with cold; dry with a soft towel.

What do you look for, when you buy soap? What should you look for? Fancy wrappers? No! Fancy odours? No! . . . You want a soap made of olive and palm oils . . . a soap that contains no artificial colouring matter . . . no strong, masking perfumes; a soap recommended by more than 20,000 beauty experts—Palmolive!

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Engine turned, holds 12.
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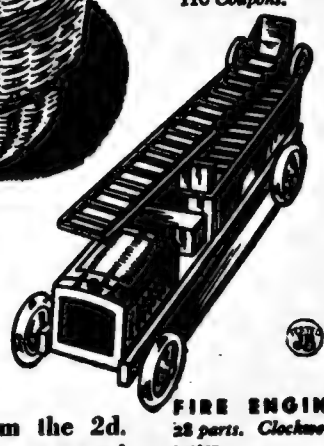

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Please send me the Nestlé's Free Gift Book and Voucher for 5 *FREE COUPONS.*

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Read His Letter for the Answer.

"Two years ago I was bald all over the top of my head.

"I felt ashamed for people to see my head. I tried different preparations, but they did no good. I remained bald, until I used Kotalko.

"New hair came almost immediately and kept on growing. In a short time I had a splendid head of hair, which has been perfect ever since—and no return of the baldness."

This verified statement is by Mr. H. A. Wild. He is but one of the big legion of users of Kotalko who voluntarily attest it has stopped falling hair, eliminated dandruff or aided new, luxuriant hair growth.

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9, Percy Street (53.B.), London, W.1.

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Stops pain in 1 MINUTE

Take no chances—use the one, safe, sure way that ends pain instantly, quickly removes corns and keeps you rid of them—Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! These thin, soothing, healing, protective pads remove the cause, prevent blisters, heal sore toes over-night. At all Dr. Scholl's Depots, Chemists, and Shoe Dealers. per Pkt. 1/3.

Don't cut corns and risk blood-poisoning. With more serious troubles consult a Dr. Scholl's Foot Expert free.

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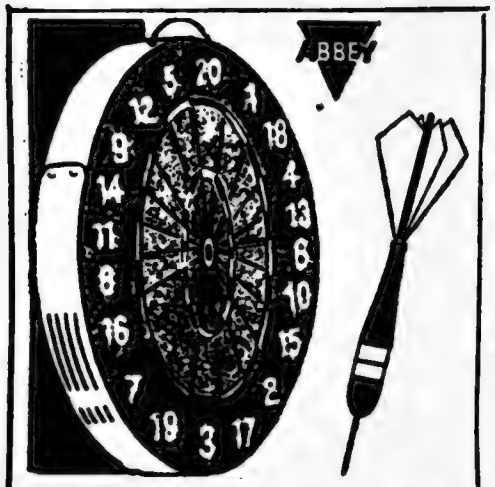
Put one on—the pain is gone!



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Ideal for anybody that plays darts. Adjustable weights. Renewable points and flights. Strong, perfectly made and finished. Highly recommended. 2/6 per set of 3.

ABBEY SPORTS CO., LTD.,
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ARE "NERVES" DRIVING YOU MAD?

Everybody knows the misery of "nerves," misery to the sufferers and to all about them. Upset by the least little thing, worn out by the slightest exertion, is there any bane of modern life as common or so terrible?

Yet really the cure of nerves is simple. Not by drugs, for drugs only bring temporary relief. Doctors have discovered the secret in Live Yeast.

If you suffer from nerves, just take a little Phillips Live Yeast with your meals for a week or so. It's quite astonishing what Phillips Live Yeast will do for you. In a few days you'll find life taking on a new hue. You will laugh at the worries which once meant so much. You will sleep long nights of peaceful, restful sleep. You will lose all your jumpiness and irritability.

And quickly, too. In fact, if you aren't more than satisfied after your first bottle, send it to the makers and they will refund your money in full.

But be careful to ask for PHILLIPS Yeast. Then you can be sure it is really Pure Live Yeast with all its properties intact and no added drugs. At all chemists 1/3 a bottle. Family Size, 3/-. Interesting Booklet free from Phillips Yeast Products, Ltd. (Dept. 12), Park Royal Road, London, N.W.10.

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NOT a *compressed* tablet to be swallowed at a gulp. Best results obtained by sucking slowly at bed-time. Children like Castols and take them readily. Each 2d. packet provides one adult dose or three doses for children. No discomfort. No change in diet necessary.

Only 2d. for a trial packet
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All Chemists

TEST TO-NIGHT— FEEL BETTER TO-MORROW

Can they get out of the rut by "trying their luck" abroad?

Could she make a success of story-writing?

Dare he risk becoming his own master?

The MAN with a "GROUSE"

THERE are two kinds of "grousers." There is the one who is always bemoaning his lot. He tells everybody that he has not had a fair chance.

My word! What he would have done if only this had happened or that had happened! That kind of fellow never gets anywhere. He is for ever harping on the past instead of planning for the future.

The second kind of "grouser" is very different. This one is dissatisfied with his present conditions, it is true. But, instead of allowing them to get on top of him, he makes them act as a spur to better things. He talks in this way: "I am jolly well fed-up with my job—long hours and poor pay and it's a dead end. *But* I am taking up so-and-so in my spare time. . ."

That kind of fellow *will* get there because he has got what north-country folk call the "gumption" to see what is wrong and endeavour to put it right.

Now, this week I propose to quote three typical letters. The ages of the writers are twenty-two, thirty and thirty-seven respectively. They therefore afford some indication of the kind of problem that confronts the present generation.

The first one comes from a young man. By trade he is an upholsterer and his friend, a lad of twenty, is a cabinet-maker—a very good combination!

But neither of them is in regular employment. Their spells of work alternate with periods on the "dole." The letter goes on:

"We are both looked upon as very good workmen at our respective jobs. But, like most young fellows, we dislike both these periods of idleness and being kept in the same old rut, and, after giving the matter deep thought, we have come to the conclusion that we would like to try our luck abroad.

"We wondered if you could give us any advice on how to find work, preferably in the colonies. Please don't think we are just a couple of dissatisfied chaps wanting an easy life and moaning because we are not getting it. We are quite prepared to rough it and work like niggers if we have a chance.

"I may add that we are both strong and healthy and our parents are perfectly willing for us to go abroad. But they want us to make sure that we are taking the right step. Hence this letter to you."

NOW, no one can complain about the tone of a letter of this kind. "A couple of dissatisfied chaps," the writer says. Yes, but dissatisfaction is, in their case, a virtue, not a failing. I can quite understand how they feel. Eager to work and yet obliged from time to time to fall back upon the "dole" is no existence for strong, healthy youth. And the prospect of life in the colonies is an alluring one.

But there is an old proverb about jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire. And whilst I want to be an encourager of young men, I should be false to the confidence they place in me if I were to give them wrong advice.

When I received this letter I immediately got in touch with the representatives of the Canadian, Australian and South African Governments in London. And in every case I was given the same message. "Warn all your readers," they said, "against emigrating at this time. We do not want settlers until conditions improve. Workers are not at present in demand anywhere, and even those with moderate capital would do well to defer sailing until world trade takes a definite turn for the better."

I pass on that information to all who are feeling the same urge as my correspondent and his friend.

BUT that does not mean that they need become despondent about things. I believe this country is weathering the storm better than any other nation in the world.

The young man who has written to me and his friend should take this to heart. They have, he tells me, long periods when they are "stood off" from their employment. But during that time they need not remain idle. Surely they could take up some sideline that would be both instructive and profitable?

Even the cultivation of an allotment would be worth while—they may have to do that kind of thing when they get abroad. They could also improve their minds by attending classes, of which there is an abundant variety from which to select. Every little bit of extra knowledge may prove a decided asset.

My second correspondent is a young woman. She tells me that she is the secretary of a small firm. Both the director and the manager are very bad-tempered men, and she has to endure an atmosphere of swearing and vulgarity.

"I have just completed a postal course and obtained a diploma for literature and newspaper work, and have been advised by my teacher to follow up fiction writing, as this seems to be my metier.

"I find I cannot concentrate on my writing after so much mental irritation while at work, but I do feel that away from that atmosphere I could eventually make a living out of writing.

"The alternatives seem to be that I must either stay where I am or make a clean break and live on my savings for a few months, during which time I could devote myself to story-writing. Which do you advise me to do?"

Now, it is understandable that this girl does not find her present job very congenial. But, frankly, I don't like her alternative. Most walks of life are overcrowded, but the literary field is simply snowed under.

That my correspondent has obtained a "diploma for literature" is no criterion that she will make a living by story-writing. And at the end of the "few months" she speaks of she might find herself minus her savings and without a job.

"What am I to do, then?" she may ask. I can't quite understand her statement that "I cannot concentrate on my writing after so much mental irritation while at work." She seems already to have done so, for has she not just completed a postal course and obtained a diploma for literature? Then, she must have her week-ends to herself when she is free from her ordinary work.

My advice to her is to keep on her occupation for the time being, but endeavour to get a foothold in the literary world by writing her stories in her spare time. Then, when she feels that she is making a success of her new job, she can break with the old one.

And now for my third correspondent—a man of thirty-seven. He says:

"I am the manager of a grocery chain shop and I begin to dread the day when I shall be told that I am too old to serve behind the counter. In this job I can hardly save enough to start in business on my own, though it occurs to me that if I can make a branch pay, surely I could do the same for a concern which belonged to me. Do you think that if I launched out on my own in a working-class neighbourhood with about £20 capital I could make a success of it? I have the ambition all right."

My correspondent does not tell me whether he has a wife or any family responsibilities. A young man without these can afford to take risks that a married man cannot take. But, in any event, I think this is a case which calls for caution. For two reasons:

In the first place, my correspondent's capital is very small to start a business on his own. It would mean that he would have no margin for emergencies, even if he were able to obtain all the stock he would require.

THEN, secondly, his contention that if he can make a branch pay surely he could do the same for a concern of his own does not necessarily follow. The big multiple stores are able to buy huge quantities at cut rates and, as many of my readers will know, it is becoming increasingly difficult for the one-man trader to compete against these big combines.

This man should carry on as at present, but endeavour in every possible way to increase his limited capital. Then, if he keeps his eyes open, he will undoubtedly find some opening into which he can throw himself heart and soul.

To cope with life the present generation needs a combination of courage and caution. And if one is in a settled job, caution should unquestionably be the dominant factor, at least until the world recovers its equilibrium.

PHILIP INMAN,

who is JOHN BULL'S "Humanist," wants to help you solve the problem which is causing you anxiety. Address your letters to "Humanist," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and enclose a stamped envelope for his reply. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

HIS PERTRIX BATTERY LASTED TWO YEARS

Dear Sirs, *11th February,* 1933

It may interest you to learn that I have at present in use on a 3-valve wireless set a 120-volt Pertrix H.T. Battery, which I purchased in September, 1930. *This battery has now been in daily use for 2 years 5 months and still registers 65 volts. Is this a record life for a H.T. battery?*

Yours faithfully, G.F., Lanark.

The above letter can be inspected at the offices of the Britannia Batteries, Ltd., 233, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2

SAVE BY BUYING A PERTRIX

It's hard to say which is the record-holder. Scores of Pertrix users write to ask if theirs is the oldest working H.T. battery.

The reason for this Pertrix long life isn't an open secret—it's inside the battery. The only batteries in the world using a patent *neutral* electrolyte, Pertrix Batteries don't fall victims to corrosion. They don't eat their own insides out—and so there is no 'shorting' between the cells, no clogging crystals. Your set can run morning, noon and night or be idle for weeks: it will make no difference to the long life of your Pertrix Battery. Pertrix power does not leak away when the set is idle, it is stored up for the next time you want to listen.

There's a Pertrix H.T. or G.B. to fit every set; the right battery in the right space. Pertrix also make Low Tension Accumulators that stand second to none.

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JOHN WHITE'S
Impregnable and *Temeraire*
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A heavy bright Box Calf Field Boot, leather lined throughout, double waterproof tongues and double soles or Elkide soles.

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Gent's Black Chrome Box Derby Shoe, Goodyear Welted. Wide Fitting, Leather Sole, Rubber Heel.

Send us a postcard if you experience difficulty in obtaining and we will forward name of nearest stockist.

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GOOD WORK-MATES!

Strength to stand the "rough stuff" is built into every pair of Hard-az-ian trousers. Yet—they're smart enough for Sunday. Hard-az-ian stand up to the toughest job, in farm or field, garage or garden.

Double-strength cloth, twisted in every strand. **Double** brace buttons. **Double** warp and weft pockets. Barred and lock-stitched to take the strain.

IN 3 SHADES AND 24 FITTINGS
(FAWN, DARK AND MID-GREY)

Write for Free "Hard-az-ian" Booklet and name of nearest agent to: **Manager of Sales, HARD-AZ-IAN, 38, Wood Street London, E.C.2.**

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TROUSERS **10/6** Up to 40-inch waist.

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DON'T STARVE THOSE TIRED NERVES

You need **Dr. Buer's PURELECITHIN** to revive those tired and jaded nerves. Your nerve substance is constantly being used up, causing Nervous Debility, Insomnia, Loss of Appetite, Mental Fatigue, Anæmia and general weakness. **Dr. Buer's PURELECITHIN** is not a made-up tonic; science has discovered that it is, first and foremost, a nerve food. Doctors recommend it with confidence. **Dr. Buer's PURELECITHIN** brings New Energy and New Vitality. This new life will be permanent. In **Dr. Buer's PURELECITHIN** there is vital nerve strength. Ask your Chemist for **Dr. Buer's PURELECITHIN**—½ size packet (32 pastilles) 4/-, full size (52 pastilles) 6/-, extra large (104 pastilles) 9/-; or write to the British Lecithin Laboratories, 4, London Wall Buildings, London, E.C.2.

Good Health makes Good Looks!

Bring sparkle into your eyes, laughter to your lips, youth to your skin and freshness to your complexion—VEGETINE PILLS will keep fresh vigour flowing constantly through your veins, by preventing accumulations of waste matter from poisoning the blood-stream.

Write for FREE SAMPLE.

VEGETINE BRAND PILLS

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INNOCENTS of a Shameful Film

THE imperative need for a closer watch on the "mushroom" type of "Training College" for the films, which has sprung up since the "Talkies" appeared to offer a chance of fame and fortune to the film-struck, is emphasised by recent revelations in connection with one such school which was located in a back street in the West End of London.

A girl of seventeen who had been reported as missing from her home in the Midlands was not traced as the weeks went by, and in desperation her parents, who were well connected, put the enquiries into the hands of an agent.

It was known that the girl, who had a fine physique, could drive a car, swim, and ride a horse, was eager to act for the films, but her parents had opposed the idea because they thought she was too young to be in London alone.

It had not been possible for any member of the family to go there with her for any length of time, but she had been promised that when she was two years older she should go.

The discovery

Apparently she could not wait the stipulated time, and disappeared one day, having drawn the whole of her personal dress allowance—a matter of some £150—from the local bank.

But although the agent instituted the most searching enquiries, there was no trace of the girl. Her distracted parents were at their wits' end.

Then, by chance, the agent heard that at a certain house in Soho films were being shown for the "delectation" chiefly of a certain type of foreigner, and that the girls used in the film had all been recruited by an agency which had advertised for girls to be trained for the "Talkies."

He managed to secure entrance to the house where the films were being screened several times during the day, and to his amazement he recognised one of the girls who figured largely in the disreputable effort as the missing daughter of the wealthy Midland parents.

There was no mistake about it, because he had, of course, been supplied with the latest photographs of the girl, as well as snapshots, and there were several large "close-ups" of the girl in the film.

He made careful enquiries, and then discovered that the "shots" of the film had been taken at the studio run by the agency—which had then been closed down.

Outrageous plan

A further week's investigation brought to earth the cameraman who had made the "shots." Once upon a time he had been a highly-paid technician in a British studio, but drink had brought about his downfall.

He admitted that he had been paid a round sum of £20 for his part in the film The agency's plan was as simple as it was outrageous.

It advertised for girls to have film tests—stipulating that unless they were "passed" as effective for screen purposes, no fee would be charged at all.

In the event of the screen test being successful, then a guinea would be charged for the cost of the actual footage of film, the use of the studio amenities, and so forth.

The advertisement naturally brought many replies. All applicants had to submit photographs of themselves full-length, and in bathing costume for preference.

The applications, with the aid of the photographs, were weeded out, and the most likely ones asked to call for an appointment. If the girl who applied was well-built and good-looking, she was told to call again the following evening for her "test," and to bring a "rehearsal outfit" with her of gymnasium pattern.

Once the girl arrived, and had been "made up," she was photographed at first in a few normal positions, and with her outdoor clothes on. Then the "director," flattering her carefully, would suggest that there was every possibility of her making good on the screen, and would add that there were several girls still wanted for a water scene in a film which featured a swimming-pool in a cabaret.

"Just take off your things, my dear, and slip into your bathing-costume . . . there's a dressing-room over there. Just call when you're ready. Oh, and put a bit more colour on your lips and cheeks. Take your time. . . . Everything is there. You'll find the lights good. That's to enable you to be able to face the lights on an actual set." . . . They show the make-up if you've done it badly."

Naturally the unsuspecting girl would go to the dressing-room, and locking the door, would undress to get into her bathing costume.

Hidden "eyes"

She little knew that there were two "eyes" of film cameras watching her from either side of the dressing-room, which was in reality nothing more than a small "studio" with arc lights so arranged that the turning cameras could record every movement of the girl.

Moreover, when the girl and others like her were ready for what they fondly believed were to be their "test" for the part in the cabaret scene, they would be asked to show as much of their physique as their modesty would allow.

They were photographed in "close-ups," then a bed was brought in, and they would be told to put on a dressing-jacket, wear it so that it appeared as though they had nothing else on, by tucking their bathing costume out of sight, and were then "directed" in an intimate little bedroom scene—sitting up in the bed, throwing imaginary kisses to someone near them, waving a bare leg high in the air, then jumping out of bed and disappearing hurriedly from the sight of the camera.

When this was finished, each girl would be told that she showed the greatest promise, and that she should call in three days' time to see the result of the "test."

When she did so, she would be told that, unfortunately, the "test" proved that she had the wrong colouring, and that the "director" had declared that it was not worth while developing the picture, which had proved such a failure.

"Of course, we shan't charge you anything," she would be told. "It's a pity—but it's our motto never to pretend that any of the girls who come to us are good if they show, after a test, that they are not."

Naturally, the discomfited and crest-fallen aspirant for film honours would go away with the impression that she had been very fairly treated, and that there was no one but herself to blame for her failure.

What she did not for an instant guess was that the "tests" she had made were perfect, and that her very naturalness—believing, of course, that she was entirely alone—had made it ideal for the foul purpose for which it had been taken.

"She little knew that there were hidden 'eyes' watching . . ."

But these debased crooks of the film camera were not satisfied with that alone. They had also prepared certain other pictures, taken at their "studio," in which two men—one a black man—figured.

These "actors" had performed their part in the whole sorry affair minus every stitch of clothing, and, by judicious "cutting," once the film was developed, it had been possible to rejoin its separate sections, so that it appeared that the men had actually taken part in a kind of orgy before the camera at the same time as the wholly innocent girls.

Unfortunately, before any action could be taken by the authorities, the men responsible for showing the films at the house which had been rented for the purpose had flown.

The safe way

The "studio" had, of course, been deserted some weeks before, but as likely as not it is now in operation elsewhere. The respectable girl film aspirants, of course, knew nothing of the vile purpose for which they were being used, which makes the crime against them all the more monstrous. The film of them has been made, and there is no knowing how far over the world it may be circulated for secret showing to degenerate audiences.

The recent appointment of additional women detectives to the ranks of the Metropolitan Police should make it possible, by their judicious use, to trap the perpetrators of this disgraceful underworld film ramp.

* * *

It should not be forgotten that hundreds of girls come to London from the provinces every month, most of them with the idea that they are going to make their fortunes. When they see what appears to be a good chance of a screen "test"—without the necessity for paying the high fees that are often charged—it is only natural that they should innocently tumble into the plot laid for them.

The best thing to do, if you are a girl and imagine you have a "film face," is to seek the advice of some reputable agency. These must be licensed by the London County Council, and there is not a breath of suspicion against them.

FIELD'S BOYS SHINE WHEREVER THEY GO!

Tom says its excellent for keeping hair tidy. 3d a large tin: 6d the magnum size. They don't overcharge for Field's Lavender Solidified Brilliantine.

SOLID BRILLIANTINE

Scurf is untidy. John keeps his hair smart and in condition with a 6d bottle of Field's Lavender liquid brilliantine. It goes a long way.

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William once known as scarecrow to familiars is a walking contradiction of his nickname. Field's Lavender Hair Cream for unruly hair at 6d keeps his hair smart and healthy.

HAIR CREAM

Whichever you prefer you'll get bags of lather and real shaving pleasure from Field's Lavender. Sticks or large tubes. 6d "Try it" says Bob.

SHAVING STICK
SHAVING CREAM

For Martin, the hiker, Field's Lavender talcum powder prevents tired feet. It's also luxurious for after shaving and massage. 6d buys a big tin. Smaller tins 3d

TALCUM POWDER

Even if you haven't got Ronald's film star smile, good teeth are important to health. Field's Dental Cream is a cheap protection at 6d for a large size tube.

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Field's Lavender is the soapiest of soaps! Plenty of rich cleansing lather that leaves you refreshed. 3d tablets or magnum size bath cakes 6d

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Manufactured by J. C. & J. Field Ltd., London, S.E.1.

FIELD'S 3d LAVENDER SERIES 6d FOR MEN

£2 A WEEK when you retire OR £2 A WEEK for your widow

That is what the new Prudential "Heritage Endowment" policy offers you as a married man.

You can start to draw the income at 60 or 65, making your choice now. When the time comes, you can have a lump sum payment if you prefer it, instead of the income.

If you do not attain the age, your widow, during the years of her greatest need, will receive

£2 A WEEK

and *in addition*, when the income ceases, the same lump sum as you would have had.

OBTAIN FULL PARTICULARS FROM THE COMPANY'S LOCAL REPRESENTATIVE, OR FILL IN AND FORWARD THIS COUPON

TO THE
PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE CO. LTD.
Holborn Bars, London, E.C.1

Please supply me with particulars of your "Heritage Endowment" Policy. My age next birthday is.....I require the income to be payable at age 60/65*

*Delete whichever age is not applicable

NAME .....

ADDRESS.....

.....

J.B. 30.9.33 278

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee :—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

Black KIWI

-so much the better!

NEW STRENGTH FOR AGED PEOPLE.

Age is a cumulative process. The older a man or woman gets, the weaker do the digestive organs become. The things one can eat without trouble get fewer and fewer and as the diet gets monotonous the appetite goes. That's one reason why old people seem to age so quickly.

And it's one reason, too, why so many doctors urge elderly people to take Wincarnis. Wincarnis is particularly useful to the old because, apart from the fact that it is a wonderful tonic and strength-builder, it is delicious to take and it stimulates the digestive glands. This enables elderly people to eat many dishes they could not otherwise manage, and with increasing appetite comes increasing benefit.

Besides, Wincarnis itself is almost a food. The wine in each bottle contains the valuable properties of 2¼ lbs. of grapes, and to it are added the strengthening properties and the vitamins of malt and meat extracts. Try Wincarnis to-day. We have over 20,000 recommendations from medical men.

FREE!

Test, free of charge, the wonderful properties of "Pepsodent Toothpaste," the new method which keeps the teeth white and brilliant and prevents dental decay. Write, mentioning "John Bull," and enclose 1½d. stamp to the Pepsodent Co. (Dept. 69), Park Royal Rd., London, N.W., and a free 10-day Tube will be sent by return. For convenience simply use the coupon on page 23.

GRAVES DRESSES YOU WELL

AT VERY SMALL COST

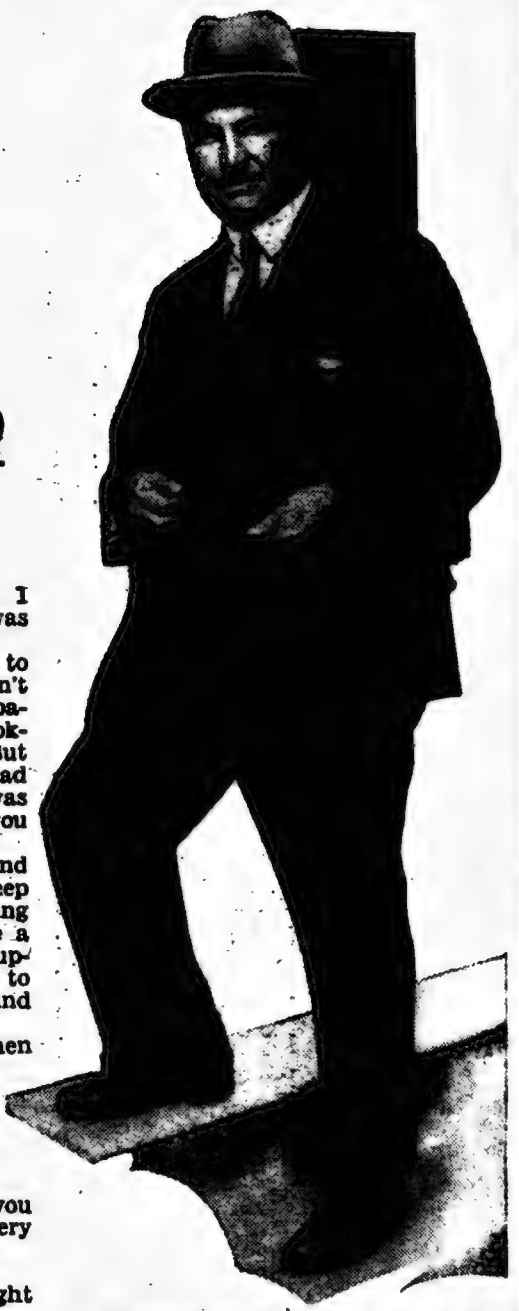
Fashionable Coats, Costumes, Frocks, Gowns, &c., all in the latest styles & materials at money-saving prices on Easy Terms. Write to-day for full display of styles and Patterns Post Free. Unrivalled value also in Furs, Underwear, Young Ladies' Girls' and Infants' Clothing.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

The New Milk Chief's Greatest Hour

MY FIRST 10/- a Week

—Not £5,000 a year



He's on the top step now—but his dearest memory is of the time when he put his feet on the lowest one of all

by Sidney Foster,

recently appointed the £5,000-a-year manager of the Milk Marketing Board, in an interview with "John Bull"

LOOKING back over my career, I can truthfully say that never in the whole of it have I had again such a wonderful thrill as that I experienced when, a youngster of fourteen, I worked for my first hour in my first job in my first "store"—a small one.

And although I was destined ultimately to control, as general manager, the largest organisation of that kind in the Empire, through all the years I have never encountered a "greater hour" than that one.

I had been engaged as a clerk in the butcher's department of the Co-operative Society's Stores at Sittingbourne in Kent, the town where I was born. And the salary was 10s a week—to me a very big one indeed.

How proud I felt as the manager put the ledger into my hands, saying, "You are to be entirely responsible for that ledger. You must be very exact in your entries. Nothing must be missed. And at the end of the day it must be balanced."

HOW proud! And how important! It is impossible to get the same intense pleasure out of even big moments as you get older. Anyway, I have never been able to get up quite the same enthusiasm over anything that has happened since.

I had been told to present myself on that Monday morning at 7.30. I was up at six o'clock. I polished my boots, and combed my hair, and brushed my clothes as they had never been brushed before. My poor mother could hardly get me to eat any breakfast.

I was so excited that I arrived there at ten minutes past seven. And those twenty minutes seemed like twenty years as I walked up and down outside waiting for the half-hour to strike—all eagerness and impatience.

I still am always pretty enthusiastic over any job I have to do. I like to put my best into it. But that morning I was "straining at the leash." My appetite for work was simply insatiable. I was tense with keenness and full of determination to do my very best. I felt this was my big chance. I was going to make the most of it.

Besides keeping the ledger, I had to act as cashier, and the customers didn't come fast enough to please my impatience. What I knew about bookkeeping didn't amount to much. But my brother, who was older, had coached me a little, and the job was really a very simple one, provided you were conscientious and careful.

I polished off my work so quickly and thoroughly that they could not keep pace with me, and while I was waiting I remember thinking it would create a good impression of an efficient right-up-to-the-minute clerk if I stood sharply to attention with my hands folded behind my back.

But the secretary of the society when he came into the department a little later had other ideas on the subject. However, my attitude certainly had the virtue of making him notice me. He came up to me, and in a kindly way asked me how I liked my new job and "have you nothing to do?" "No, sir," I replied, very proud of my smartness.

"Is your cash right?" "Yes, sir."

"Are the entries in your ledger right up to date?" "Yes, sir."

And then, quite kindly, he broke it to me that in business it was not altogether a good idea to look as if you had nothing to do. It might give customers a wrong impression of how brisk business was.

IT damped my ardour a little bit, I must confess. But at the same time I felt I was learning, and I was terribly eager to learn, it did not matter how.

Although I was only fourteen and a half when this "great hour" came along, it was not my first job. I had left school when I was thirteen and had been working with a pawnbroker. For 5s. a week I stood for long hours in a dingy office, writing out pawntickets for the poor unfortunate people who were obliged to come and deposit their little valuables to obtain ready money.

The misery and wretchedness of these people made me, young as I was, think very hard. And I noticed the attitude of the pawnbrokers, which said, "We've got you in our power. You've got to do what *we* say." Truculent, overbearing. Not because they as individuals were bad or unkind, but because they were part of a system.

Young as I was, it seemed wrong to me. And I hated to be associated with it. But I was wise enough to realise that there was no sense in throwing up one job before you had secured a second.

So when one day my brother told me there was a clerkship vacant in the Stores and said, "You'd better apply for it," I was delighted. They did not go in for interviews in those days, so I had to apply by letter. That letter cost me a lot of pains to compose—and how careful I was about the writing!

The committee meeting at which this vacancy was to be filled was held on a Thursday, I remember. All day Friday I endured agonies of apprehension. The letter saying I had got the job arrived late that day. Somehow my brother had got wind of my appointment at work and told my mother. Together they waited for me to open the letter so that they could watch my expression.

To say I was overjoyed is putting it mildly. I was wild with excitement. Then, of course, I had the difficult task of "giving notice."

My "boss" was a man who lived in London and used to come down every day to Sittingbourne. When he heard I was leaving he called me in and said, "So I hear you're leaving to be a clerk?" "Yes, sir," I replied.

"Well, you know in London there are thousands and thousands of clerks out of work or earning so little that they've hardly a shirt to their backs—and mighty lucky if they can manage a collar and a pair of cuffs to show below their coat-sleeves. You take my advice and stay where you are."

EVERY day for nearly a week I had to endure this lecture, and though I found it very trying and thought sometimes there might be some truth in what he was saying and that after all perhaps I was making a mistake, yet my determination to try it never wavered.

Yes, my greatest hour was the one which took me into the organisation I have remained with ever since, and in which I have risen step by step to the top.

It has been an exciting and thrilling adventure, but not one of the steps, not even my newest appointment to the Milk Marketing Board, has ever given me anything like the intense pleasure which I got from that hour as a boy.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Big Double Rehearsals

THE Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire rehearsals have started in earnest, and there will be one or more a week until the popular Newmarket handicaps are decided.

Loosestrife, which I have included in my mixed pairs, will probably contest the Nottingham Handicap. This fine stayer has Negro to beat, and as the latter will be ridden by Richards, a big effort will be needed.

The Duke of York Handicap may reveal the winner of the Cambridgeshire. A few years ago Double Life won both events, and I understand Cotoneaster is expected to emulate that performance. My choice for Saturday's race is, however, Seminole.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, September 28, to Wednesday, October 4.

A Q C 93 B 94 M P U X Z R 98 T F O K H J I 95 E D V Y 97 L W N 96 G S

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald*, read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

95Y98JQ would read BUNCH.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. KJ2WK would read ACCRA.

THE STORKINEMA
PRESENTS

"Just like Mother used to make!"

Young Mrs. Brown wondered how it was her husband *always* pleaded "indigestion" whenever her pastry appeared on the table.

Then one day an advertisement caught her eye. "Secrets of Lighter Pastry," she exclaimed; "that's just the book for me. And it's free—here's a coupon!"

An hour after the Cookery Book had come Mrs. Brown was at the grocer's using one of her newly learnt "secrets." "Give me half a pound of Stork, please!"

"There *is* something in these advertisements after all," she said as she deftly rolled out the paste. "I really believe this is going to turn out light."

That evening Mr. Brown's "indigestion" disappeared miraculously. "It may seem rather an old-fashioned joke, darling," he said, nearing the end of his second helping, "but this is just like mother used to make!"

But Mrs. Brown never *could* keep a secret. It wasn't long before she'd brought out her Stork Cookery Book and told her husband all about the wonderful new way of making really light pastry.

YOU be a cook too!

CUT OUT THIS PAGE AND GET THE STORK COOKERY BOOK

FREE! 32-page book—"Secrets of Lighter Pastry"—quite free. Write your name and address on the margin of this page and post the page to Van den Berghs & Jurgens (Sales) Ltd., Dept. 285, Unilever House, London, E.C.4.

JB 228-71-33

NO SOAP — SHAVEX — NO BRUSH

REVOLUTION IN SHAVING

A FEW years ago "SHAVEX" was unknown, yet it is in every part of the world to-day. Millions are now using "SHAVEX."

"SHAVEX" is the most modern and up-to-date method of shaving. What is more simple than wetting the beard with water, smearing a little "SHAVEX" lightly over the beard and then shaving? You will get the smoothest, cleanest and best shave you have ever had and your skin will feel like softest satin. No wrinkles will appear, as "SHAVEX" is a Skin Food. It will also take only a quarter of the time required with soap and brush.

The skin after being shaved with soap and brush often looks and feels sore, as the soap and brush have taken out all the natural oil and dried up the skin. "SHAVEX" gives the skin natural oils. All the creases smooth out with the use of "SHAVEX." Shavex is without doubt the most perfect method of shaving in the world. Shavex will give you the best shave you have ever had. Your face will keep young, as Shavex is a skin food. All wrinkles disappear with Shavex, as there is no soda in Shavex to dry up the skin. Your skin will feel as smooth as satin, and you will shave in a quarter the time that you would take with soap and brush.

Never before has shaving been made so easy, so rapid, and so pleasant. No after lotions are required. Never before have men been given the true secret of youthful looks. "SHAVEX" is a Skin Food, Skin Tonic, and Skin Preserver, preventing formations of wrinkles and lines, and keeping away the ravages of time. Travellers who, when on a journey, find themselves short of water, can always get a perfect shave when carrying "SHAVEX" and look fresh. After being in sun and wind and the face is rough and sore and you have to shave, nothing is more soothing than a "SHAVEX" shave.

NAPOLEON.

Napoleon in the depth of Winter crossed the Alps with Big Guns and a large army—a feat that could hardly be credited—snow and ice were covering the mountains.

In 1812 he crossed to Moscow and attacked Russia, only to see Moscow in flames—and alas! one more dream of Napoleon's faded away. Even in the bitterest cold and the terrible ordeals of campaigning Napoleon still kept fit—he never grew a beard—always clean shaved, and what with?—Oil and the perfume of Lavender. The greatest men keep the smartest appearance.

Napoleon died on May 5th, 1821.

SHAVEX is sold everywhere in 6d., 1/- & 1/6 Tubes and 1/6 Pots.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY
For FREE Sample Tube of SHAVEX.

Cut out this Coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly, and send with a 2d. stamp to the SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., Ltd. (Dept. R11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

ALMOND OIL — ZEE-KOL — TOILET SOAP

Beautiful and Talented Woman's Evidence that it CREATES BEAUTY AND PRESERVES BEAUTY

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion. **Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils.** ***This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb., and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.***

No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND Oil Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price — 6d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.

PALM OIL costs 4d. per lb.
ALMOND OIL costs 5/6 per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make, as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a soap at all. The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, ALMOND OIL has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super-Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When washing the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful.

1/- LARGE TABLET 6d. NOW

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct from SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. S.14), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, N.19.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

Marie Antoinette was the wife of Louis XVI. She was very extravagant; people were overtaxed to pay for her pleasures, which were many. Her amusements took many forms; her one cry was, "I must be amused," while people in France cried for bread. France got tired of this continual extravagance and her admirers, which in the end brought her husband and herself to the guillotine. The lady standing at the side of Marie Antoinette was the first aristocrat to be guillotined. Marie Antoinette was known and admired for her glorious complexion. We have proof that the materials she used are in Zee-Kol Soap to-day. Marie Antoinette was born 1755. She married Louis XVI. when she was only 14.

CHILDREN'S COUGHS

Quick, Pleasant Relief

ONE of the safest, surest and most pleasant things to stop children's coughs is honey syrup. The penetrating antiseptic pine vapours together with soothing, healing honey, squills and tolu make this the most effective remedy known for coughs, sore throat, chest colds and bronchial affections. It soothes and heals inflamed tissues, cuts obstinate phlegm and instantly stops coughing and irritation. At night it acts like a charm! Every mother should keep 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup handy during treacherous winter weather when the daily journey to and from school, sometimes in fog, rain or snow often causes coughs and bronchial troubles which may so easily undermine youthful constitutions.

'PINEATE' Brand **HONEY SYRUP**

From all chemists. 1/6 a bottle.

EADE'S PILLS

RELIEVE YOUR RHEUMATISM or give your MONEY BACK

RELIEF! Or we bear the cost of the treatment! If you suffer from rheumatism, rheumatic gout, sciatica or lumbago, or any such pains, buy a 1/3 or 3/- bottle of Eade's Pills from any chemist to-day. If after you have taken three-quarters of its contents you are not satisfied that they are doing you good, you can return the bottle with its remaining contents and original wrapper to George Eade, Ltd. (Dept. K11), 232, Goswell Road, London, E.C.1, and—YOUR MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED. (This offer will remain open for one month.) Eade's Pills are the most famous remedy for rheumatism in the world. They have 87 years' reputation in every country and clime, and their thousands of testimonials are the wonder and envy of the medical fraternity. 87 YEARS' REPUTATION. 1/3 and 3/- a bottle from all chemists. Refuse all substitutes.

DOCTORS PRESCRIBE THEM

Doctors constantly recommend this famous old remedy because they know that Eade's are VEGETABLE pills, absolutely safe and the finest treatment for rheumatism, rheumatic gout, gout, sciatica and lumbago, etc., that the world has ever known.

FREE Booklet on the treatment and diet for rheumatism, also free sample of Eade's Anodyne, which is most useful when used in conjunction with Eade's Pills. All post free on application to above address.

INDIGESTION BREEDS GASTRIC ULCERS.

New Formula Brings Instant Relief.

If you suffer from any form of indigestion; wind, heartburn, fullness after eating, sickness or pain of any kind, take steps to put matters right at once. Acid stomach often leads to dangerous gastric and duodenal ulcers.

And even if, through past neglect, you are already suffering from long-standing stomach ulcer you can obtain immediate relief and eventually be cured if you follow the example of Doctors and Hospitals all over England and use the Maclean Brand Formula.

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder will give you rapid relief from your agony and free you from present and future danger.

Whatever kind of indigestion you suffer from, you ought to try this wonderful Maclean Brand Stomach Powder at once. Any chemist can supply it, but be sure to ask for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder under that exact name, with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

COOKERY WITHOUT TEARS.

Here's good news for young housewives! The makers of Stork Margarine have just issued their new Cookery Book, from which you can learn the right way to make pastry. All the recipes are easy to follow because they are the fruit of actual experience. A free copy of this Recipe Book can be obtained by writing to Van den Berghs & Jurgens (Sales), Ltd., Dept. 285, Unilever House, Blackfriars, E.C.4. Mention "John Bull."

THERE'S an "R" in the MONTH..

A MOTOR launch "chug-chugs" its way out from Colchester quay to the quiet, sand-fringed waters of Pyefleet Creek.

On board are the Mayor and burgesses of the corporation; over the side goes the queer triangular oyster dredge and up will come the first "official" catch of the season.

It is Thursday, September 28, and on this day, with time-honoured ritual, Britain's 1,000-year-old industry enters on its new season.

From the point of view of the oyster consumer and those engaged in the trade, that is the most important date and event.

The famous Colchester feast, which takes place late in October, is merely a celebration of an occasion for speech-making and a free banquet for celebrities and others lucky enough to get an invitation.

In its long history the oyster industry has faced and fought the worst assaults of wind and weather; the changing whims of public taste; the inroads of foreign competition.

Lately, it has been facing the sternest fight of its career. The beds have been denuded and the delicate "spat," the young of oysters, has failed to mature in sufficient quantity for a variety of causes.

Incubators for oysters

For three years after the war the dumping of explosives in the Thames estuary caused appalling mortality among the oysters. Mysterious diseases and a long period of early cold spells did the rest, and have almost wrecked the industry.

So serious had the situation become that last year merchants were prophesying that English oysters would soon be unobtainable, except for the wealthy, and that nobody else could afford to be interested in whether there was an "r" in the month.

When the situation caused concern last year, the Ministry of Fisheries commenced experiments to produce oysters artificially, on a commercial scale, in electrically heated tanks.

Last year the total landings of oysters in England had fallen to 7,000,000 from 1,000,000,000 fifty years ago, and the closing down of retail oyster firms had become a regular occurrence.

The Mayor of Colchester makes the first "official" catch of the oyster season

But this year the oyster fishermen are looking forward to a change. They are remembering the old Essex saying that a good wheat year is a good year for oysters.

The "spat," too, is growing well and so will keep up the yields for the next four or five years.

That is good news for the several thousand men who make their living from this pernickety shell-fish, and particularly for the small army of workers whose oyster season earnings of 8s. 6d. a day help to eke out their casual earnings as sea fishermen during the rest of the year.

The English "natives" beds lie along about three miles of the River Colne. That is their exclusive domain.

Elsewhere off Brightlingsea lie the beds of thousands of foreign oysters, Portuguese, French and even American, imported half-grown for fattening, and sold, of course, at a much lower price than the rarer native.

The home product and the foreigner are kept strictly separate. The natives are grown from "spat," the oysters' microscopic offspring. An oyster produces millions of "spat" at a time, of which, however, only a small proportion survives; and these take five or six years to mature to the "stout and brown bread and butter" stage.

Careful nursing

Hence the tender unremitting care of the oyster beds which goes on all the year round. All "falls" of "spat" are watched for, and to help them to settle and prevent their being washed away by tides, hundreds of tons of broken shell, or "cultch," as it is called, is dumped every year around the oyster beds.

Full work begins on the beds in March and continues until July, when fattening commences.

This work is done by the ancient Company of Dredgermen, which has the right to share in the exploitation of the fisheries.

The right is granted only to the hereditary freemen of the seven parishes of Brightlingsea, St. Osyth, Colchester, Rowhedge, Wivenhoe, Fingringhoe and East Donyland.

The fight for the preservation of the industry has now shifted from the sea bed to the laboratory, and already remarkable things have been accomplished. You may soon, for example, be eating Colchester oysters which were born in America.

Growers over there have discovered that English oysters shipped across the Atlantic matured in American waters a year earlier than they would do in the River Colne. "Spat" was also more prolific. But, strangely enough, the "spat" would not grow up.

So now they are shipped back again to England, where they flourish readily in their ancestral waters.

Ocean trips

Some of them when half-grown will be sent back again to America for quick fattening, thus making two crossings of the Atlantic before they reach the American consumer.

Another trick developed by Government experts is to mature oysters from the "spat" in huge heated tanks. Ingenious devices simulate the action of the tides, and experts have also worked out the best type of food for the baby oyster.

"Spat" brought up in this way is reaching the table in three years, as against five or six years under natural sea conditions.

Lastly, we shall soon be buying Government stamped oysters in sterilised bags. Brightlingsea is the first place to adopt a new cleansing process suggested by Government experts. *It consists merely in giving oysters a warm bath for a few days.*

Oysters, it is explained, pass, when feeding, enormous quantities of water through their bodies. From this water they extract their food and, incidentally, quantities of mud and bacteria, which remain in their bodies.

All that is necessary to cleanse an oyster is to wash him superficially with a hose and then place him in a tank full of warm sterile water. There he obligingly proceeds to wash all the dirt and germs out of his system by pumping through himself anything from a quarter to half a gallon of water an hour.

Huge, shallow concrete tanks are being constructed at Brightlingsea for this purpose. The small cost of the purifying process is expected to be more than counter-balanced by increased sales of oysters with an official "bill of health."

A HOME for £600

For him, a home of his own

A YOUNG man of twenty-nine, Mr. W. J. Patten, of 178, Westwood Road, Goodmayes has just won outright the First Prize in our 228th Crossword Competition.

"You gave my sweetheart and myself a wonderful evening when we learned the news," he said, soon after receiving the thrilling telegram. "I have been waiting for a long time to be able to get a little home of my own, so what a great help this prize will be to me!"

To turn longing into reality as soon as possible, Mr. Patten has decided to take as his award a lump sum of £600 rather than a cash-plus-pension award.

An outstanding piece of furniture is being added by JOHN BULL to Mr. Patten's future home in the shape of a fine 27-guinea Radio Gramophone.

As you picture the happiness which £600 cash has brought to this young couple, remember the far greater joys awaiting the winner of that colossal 2-in-1 prize offered on page 36. For solving the common-sense clues of an entertaining puzzle, your tremendous reward may be £8 a week for life and a £1,000 fortune. And there is £400 for runners-up as well.

Thursday, October 5, is the closing day. Start solving the problem this evening!

REVOLUTIONARY RAZOR OUTFIT

MARVELLOUS NEW PATENT RAZOR FREE

Every reader should get this marvellous new patent Razor. Never before has man known such comfort while shaving. The Razor glides over the face and is hardly felt, and the face is left wonderfully fresh and smooth; the skin feels like satin after a shave with our Shavex and these wonderful blades. This Razor has no teeth to collect dirt and can be cleaned in a second. The Patent guard has four raised edges that make cutting oneself impossible. One of our blades lasts ten times the life of an ordinary blade, because of the secret process of honing, polishing and stropping. This secret process costs us many thousands of pounds, and no one holds the secret but ourselves. It is the sharpest blade in the world. The Razor is a miracle of what a perfect razor should be. Six holes are made in the guard, which make it so easy to clean; no dirt can accumulate. It is most hygienic and cleaned in a second. If you are dissatisfied with this wonderful outfit, and return it within three days, your 1s. and postage will be refunded.

Razor Outfit, including Shavex New Patent Razor with four blades, 1s., also Shavex Blades 1s. 3d. per packet of five at all chemists or post free from the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 40, Blenheim Road, N.19.

ECZEMA.
"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."

VARICOSE AND OTHER ULCERS.
"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg. Zee-Kol cured it in a week."

ABSCESSES.
Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.

ERYSIPELAS.
This alarming skin affection will disappear in a few days with Zee-Kol applied night and morning. Its effect is marvellous.

CORNS
The worst corns will soon disappear if Zee-Kol is applied to them night and morning.

SKIN DISEASES

Cured in a Night

WE HAVE A ROOM FULL OF TESTIMONIALS.

Many may promise a wonderful cure; there is nothing like Zee-Kol. Beware of imitations.

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It is the most remarkable and the most perfect cream that has ever been blended into a face cream. It contains Almond Oil and it does not grow hair. It preserves the skin and takes away all wrinkles, and leaves the skin smooth as a child's. It was taken from an old Venetian recipe. If Doge Cream is smeared around the eyes at night every wrinkle will vanish as if a miracle had happened.

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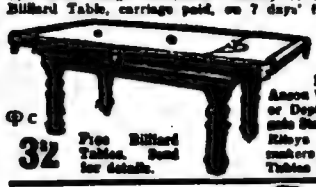

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He who Laughs . .

WHEN engaged at a colliery, each dinner hour I used to draw on the trams and pipes, angles, triangles and circles. Some of my pals used to nod in my direction and tap their heads, suggesting that I was a bit "loopy."

However, after being absent for nearly a fortnight I turned up in my best clothes. After the usual leg-pulling I showed them a letter from the county council, informing me of my appointment at £300 a year.

I had matriculated when at the colliery and passed my B.Sc. degree. I'm still laughing!—*G. J., Glam.*

Orphan Wins

My wife and I decided to adopt a child. We obtained one—a dear little girl—from an orphanage.

How some of our neighbours laughed and sneered. "You can't afford it," said some. "Might be anybody's 'kid,'" others suggested. One man in particular made himself very objectionable.

This was eighteen years ago. Now this man's eldest son wishes to marry our daughter! Yes—daughter! They love each other, so we shall say "Yes!"—and hide the heartache.

But I have already had a good laugh over the position.—*A. O. Davis, Middlesex.*

Not a Fool's Errand

On April 1 this year, one of my workmates told me I was "wanted in the office." Quite forgetting it was "All Fools' Day," I approached the office with a certain amount of apprehension.

Passing along a corridor, I noticed smoke issuing from one of the lower store-rooms. Immediately I gave the alarm and assisted in preventing what would have been a disastrous fire.

For this "prompt action" I was commended and eventually promoted. I still laugh when I open my pay envelope.—*A. A. Jones, Liverpool.*

Gratitude

A poor mongrel he was—small and scraggy. I passed him at first, huddled up against the railings, but those big brown eyes and that shivering little body haunted me.

My brothers laughed at me, but I refused to turn him out. After bathing, brushing and feeding him, his eyes fairly glistened with gratitude.

I heard it first: an insistent scratch and wuff-wuff at my bedroom door. It was my mongrel stray rousing us—the kitchen rug was burning.

They laughed at me no more; it was my turn.—*H. Lomas, Cheshire.*

Tea for Two

I owe the possession of my wife to a practical joker. Once a rival for her hand, he sent me a note purporting to come from her, asking me to tea that afternoon.

How the joker must have laughed when he saw me set out! But I laughed last, for, from my few words when she opened the door, she grasped the situation, and acted as though she really had sent the note.

Later, when we became engaged, she told me about it.—*H. Smith, Portslade.*

Well-won Prize

While serving in India, the regimental sports were on, and although no athlete, I competed in six events. My comrades laughed lustily as I came in last each time.

During the distribution of prizes I came in for a good deal of leg-pulling. Finally my company officer smilingly approached and said, "Here, lad, Major —— and I think you deserve this as the best loser." "This" was a ten-rupee note.—*"Bydand," Glasgow.*

What a Surprise!

I was once overtaken on a lonely road by a man who swooped over me menacingly. As he did so I clutched designedly at the wallet in my breast pocket.

He, as I expected, noticed this, for he seized the wallet and, with a laugh, disappeared into the fog.

Arriving home, I emptied my hip-pocket of £20 that had lain safely there, laughing aloud at the thought of the pickpocket's face when he opened the wallet and found a collection of cigarette-cards.—*E. P., Dudley.*

Bought Back

My elderly father married a woman with one son, who persuaded the old man to will the home-farm that had been in our family for 150 years to her son. I went to America where I made money.

Years later, a friend from the homeland wrote that my stepbrother had failed and the farm was on the market. I returned to England, bought back my home, and intend to spend my old age amid the loved surroundings.—*T. F. H., Tunbridge Wells.*

Her Shock

She was one of those self-confident creatures who imagine every man is in love with them. She was a visitor at the home of the man for whom I was housekeeper.

Each visit made her more confident that he loved her. On every occasion she confided to me, laughingly, that he would propose on her next visit.

One day, when more sure than ever, she happened to gaze at my hand. "Why," she stammered, "what is that on your finger—a wedding-ring?"

I calmly replied, laughing now, "We were married a week ago."—*A. P., Cheshire.*

Mighty Fallen

When a private, my officer enquired what I did in civil life. I replied that I was manager of a large woollen mill. He laughed boisterously, implying that I was "pulling his leg." I could only bite my lip.

Four years later I was interviewing applicants for a clerical post with our firm. When my former captain was shown into my office I was forced to laugh at his crestfallen expression.

However, I gave him the job.—*M. H., Huddersfield.*

Burglar Trap

I had promised to replace a broken sashline in our kitchen window. My putting off the job was the subject of banter by the wife and friends.

There had been a number of burglaries in the district, but I never dreamt that Bill Sikes would pay us a visit, and in making an exit be trapped by the window—a heavy one—falling on his neck.

The remaining cord had snapped owing to the extra strain. Thanks to my procrastination, a dangerous criminal was caught and I had the last laugh over my wife and her pals.—*"Handyman," Angus.*

* * *

As a child I was frequently teased by my sisters, brother and schoolmates about my old-fashioned name, given me after my brother's godmother, who had been a good friend to my parents. When in my teens, the friend died, and a clause in her will left £50 "to my namesake Lydia." Since then I've liked my name quite well.—*L. M. C., Dagenham.*

My sister would go skating, dancing, etc., each night while I stayed at home. She laughed at me and said I would die an old maid. Now it is my turn to laugh, as I am to be married and my sister is still going dancing, but has no man to call her own.—*W. A., London, S.E.*

I had been waiting outside the draper's shop for my wife. At the kerb stood a large car, unoccupied. Up came a constable and produced his notebook. "You've been here half an hour," he said, "and I'll have your name and address." "On what grounds?" I asked. "For causing an obstruction with a motor-car," he growled. "Hadn't you better find the owner?" I suggested. "It isn't mine." He glared at me and marched off.—*R. J., Croydon.*

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below not exceeding 100 words are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published, 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., by first post Tuesday, October 3.

The Best "Find" I Ever Had.

FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

By our Expert—for matches played on September 30

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) Liverpool v. EVERTON.
(2) Chelsea v. HOTSPUR.
(3) W. B. ALBION v. Derby.
(4) ARSENAL v. Middlesbrough.
(5) Portsmouth v. Aston Villa.
(6) BIRMINGHAM v. Leeds.
*(7) HUDDERSFIELD v. Sheffield U.
(8) MANCHESTER C. v. Blackburn.
**(9) WEDNESDAY v. Newcastle.
(10) STOKE v. Wolverhampton.
*(11) SUNDERLAND v. Leicester.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) Bury v FULHAM.
**(2) PRESTON v. Plymouth.
(3) BRADFORD v. West Ham.
(4) BRENTFORD v. Hull.
(5) Burnley v. Bolton.
**(6) GRIMSBY v. Forest.
(7) LINCOLN v. Southampton.
(8) MILLWALL v. Blackpool.
(9) NOTTS COUNTY v. Port Vale.
(10) Oldham v. Manchester U.
*(11) SWANSEA v. Bradford City.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

(1) GILLINGHAM v. Cardiff.
(2) LUTON v. Bristol City.
(3) BRIGHTON v. Swindon.
(4) TORQUAY v. Newport.
(5) ALDERSHOT v. Orient.
*(6) BRISTOL R. v. Charlton.
(7) COVENTRY v. Reading.
(8) C. PALACE v. Boscombe.
**(9) EXETER v. Q.P. Rangers.
(10) Northampton v. Norwich.
(11) SOUTHEND v. Watford.

NORTHERN SECTION.

(1) Gateshead v. Hartlepools.
(2) Rochdale v. TRANMERE.
(3) WALSALL v. Stockport.
(4) YORK v. Carlisle.
**(5) ACCRINGTON v. Mansfield.
(6) CHESTER v. Barrow.
*(7) CHESTERFIELD v. Barnsley.
(8) DARLINGTON v. Wrexham.
(9) New Brighton v. Crewe.
(10) Rotherham v. HALIFAX.
(11) Southport v. DONCASTER.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

**(1) MOTHERWELL v. Falkirk.
(2) THIRD LANARK v. Clyde.
(3) Celtic v. Queen's Park.
(4) AIRDRIE v. Hamilton.
(5) Ayr v. Kilmarnock.
(6) Cowdenbeath v. ABERDEEN.
(7) DUNDEE v. Hearts.
(8) HIBERNIAN v. St. Johnstone.
(9) Partick v. RANGERS.
(10) St. Mirren v. Queen of South.

Probable winners are set in capitals. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks, and next best with one.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example Code.—Div. I.—9 (*H*); Div. II.—2 (*H*); Southern Section.—9 (*H*); Northern Section.—2 (*A*); Scottish League.—1 (*H*) would indicate Wednesday, Preston, Exeter, Tranmere, and Motherwell.

£800 Won in Crossword Competition No. 229

In the above Competition, correct Solutions were received from the following seven competitors, who share the £600 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £85 14s. 4d. will be sent:—

M. Curry, 30, Westlands Rd., Warley, Smethwick; Miss V. Daly, 148, Bloomford Rd., Sanderstead, Kent; J. H. Gill, 94, Romford St., Stapleford, Derby; N. A. Griffith, 69, Goodenage Rd., Whitton; F. Marshall, Orphir Villa, Crambrook, Kent; S. J. Perrott, Haycroft, Southorpe Lane, Lowdham, Notts; E. M. Stevenson, 2, Beech Rd., Hadsley, Bilsop.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a Solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a Scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, October 10 sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of Solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

RADIO GRAMOPHONE AWARD.—A 27-Guinea "Pye" Radio Gramophone was offered to the sharer of this week's First Prize whose square adjoining winning square was nearest correct. This Prize has been tried for by N. A. Griffith, F. Marshall, G. J. Perrott, E. M. Stevenson and Miss V. Daly, each with one error on adjoining square. Accordingly an additional 27 Guineas will be divided among them.

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 71 competitors from whom we received Solutions containing one error and who will each receive £1 8s. 3d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

An extra £100 will be shared among the Runners-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 227—One hundred and sixty-one competitors qualified to share the extra £100 offered and payments of 12s. 6d. will be despatched accordingly.

Turn to Page 36 now and enter for this week's MAMMOTH X-WORD. GIANT PENSION AND A FORTUNE MUST BE WON.

Take "Brain Sparklers" at once. Do not let the days drag on in dreadful weariness. You must get well. And you can! In one hour.

BRAIN SPARKLERS

will renew your vitality. In one day you will feel brighter and much more cheerful. In two days you will feel a new man or woman. Debility, Depression, Brain-fag, Despondency, Lassitude—all these things will slip away like a dream. Literally thousands have been helped by taking "Brain Sparklers." So will you. Do not delay another day. Boots', Taylor's, Timothy White's, and all good Chemists either stock or will obtain "Brain Sparklers" for you. Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 470. 1/9, 3/3 and 6/-, or order direct at the same prices, post free and privately packed, from

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(Dept. JB68), 68, King William St., London Bridge, E.C.4.

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There are hundreds of valuable Free Gifts offered in the Nestlé's Gift Book, a copy of which will be sent to every reader of JOHN BULL who simply fills in the coupon on p. 25. Together with the Gift Book will also be sent a voucher for Five Free Coupons.

PETER DAWSON
The Famous Baritone

writes: "Being unusually run down and nervy I was induced by a friend to try a course of VITADATIO, from which I derived great benefit. There is no doubt that your medicine is a tonic *par excellence*. It has done me an immense amount of good, and I can honestly recommend it."

If you are a sufferer—get a bottle to-day.

Vitadatio SEND FOR FREE BOOK of TESTIMONIALS

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Internal Ailments. Sold by Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or per post 6d. extra, in Great Britain only. Special 11/- Bottles containing 3 weeks' supply, for Export only, post free from

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V158

'Skin Happiness' For Every Sufferer!

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Germolene Brand Ointment

could heal

—RASH

"I had a bad Rash all over my neck, right up to the tip of my chin; the irritation was dreadful. I tried almost everything without results, until a friend recommended Germolene Ointment. I put a little on. The irritation stopped at once; after 3 days' treatment my neck and chin are lovely, and I have a new skin coming on."—E. WILLIAMS, Romford.

—ULCERS

"Eight weeks ago I fell over a bath and caught my leg. I TRIED DIFFERENT THINGS FOR IT, *but it began to spread, and within a week it turned to* ULCERS. *Then my husband brought home a tin of Germolene Ointment, and now, within a week, my leg has dried up and* HEALED WONDERFULLY." *—MRS. BROWN, Paddington, London, W.2.*

—BAD LEG

"For the last 23 years I have suffered with a BAD LEG. I have tried EVERY KIND of treatment, but all have failed. Then I started using your wonderful Ointment, and now I am thankful to say it is completely healed."—
MRS. L. THOMAS, BERKS.

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The very first touch of cool ASEPTIC Germolene drives away maddening ITCH . . . agonising PAIN . . . as if by magic! And that's not all. Germs and Poisons that make skin trouble as Dangerous as it is painful are gently *cleansed* away—not *burned* out—and Germolene's skin-and-tissue building properties bring healing in record time.

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Germolene Ointment cannot fail to bring Relief. Every claim we make has been proved time and time again by the hundreds of unsolicited letters that pour in day after day from delighted Germolene users. Don't hesitate any longer. Get YOUR tin—TO-DAY!

All Chemists

Germolene Brand **ASEPTIC OINTMENT—1'3 & 3'-**

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Skin Beauty depends upon Skin HEALTH. Germolene Medicated Toilet Soap, charged with Germolene Ointment's unique soothing and healing properties, not only tones and cleanses the skin but keeps it free from unsightly blemishes. Try a tablet to-day.

6D. *Per Tablet*

from CUTS, BURNS, RASH, SCALDS, ECZEMA, ULCERS, BAD LEGS, PSORIASIS, IMPETIGO, PILES, SORES, ACHE, Etc.

TWO Record Crossword Prizes in one contest are finally announced by "John Bull" to-day—and here is your last opportunity to enter for them!

The First Prize, the greatest of all Pension-plus-Fortune awards, is no less than £8 a week for life, accompanied by the substantial fortune of £1,000 in Cash.

For Runners-up, the prize has been increased to the fine round sum of £400, the largest amount ever divided by "John Bull" amongst those who just miss the chief award.

Make the most of the few days of this giant contest which still remain. Get busy on your entry this evening, see that it is in by noon, Thursday, October 5, and a telegram on Friday, October 13, may declare you the winner of the biggest Crossword Prize ever known!

JOHN BULL will pay a Life Pension of £8 a week and £1,000 in cash (or a lump sum of £3,300) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £400 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. Solution of puzzle and winner will be published in "John Bull" on Thursday, October 19

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 231—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, OCT. 5, 1933.

JB 231

JB 231

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and

enclose P.O. value.....No.....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

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"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 231—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, OCT. 5, 1933.

JB 231

JB 231

In entering this Competiton, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and

enclose P.O. value.....No.....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

ENTRY FEE.
With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. Extra entries at same rate. See Rule 1.

EXTRA SQUARES POST FREE.
Further squares appeared in last week's "John Bull." For extra squares send PENNY postcard, to Crossword Gazette Dept., 23, Bedford St., Strand, W.C.2, to arrive not later than Tuesday, October 3, stating number of 66. entry forms required.

ADDRESS ENTRY.
"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 231, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

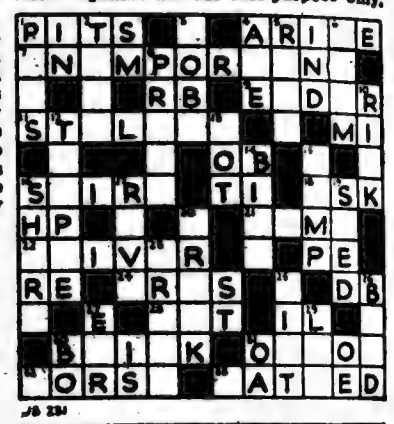
Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 230.

JB 230

Winners in 230 on page 35. Result of 230 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 230 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

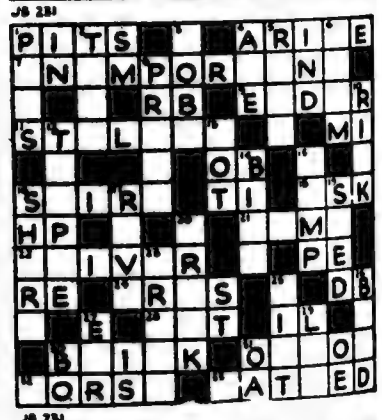
KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW.

These Squares are for this purpose only.

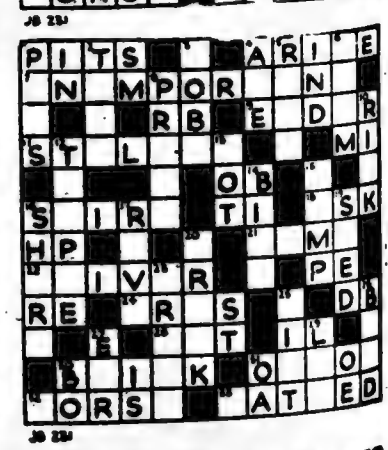


JB 230

JB 231



JB 231



JB 231

STUDY THESE CLUES:

ACROSS

1. Miners work in these
4. Rise up
7. Not essential
9. Bird which provides down
11. Fashionable
16. It makes church a landmark
18. Inquire
21. Blow on the foot may give you one
23. Cromwell's Christian name
24. Numbers of years
28. Busy little insect
30. Lively
31. It flavours a salad
32. Is sometimes used for conveying messages
33. Dog's coat often gets this

DOWN

1. Silly asses indulge in these
2. May describe a tot
3. Are sometimes hard to restrain
4. Consumed
5. Acts as a conductor of electricity
6. Main stalk of a plant
8. Ticket may give you this
10. Slippery surface provides this for skaters
12. What drunkards do at times
13. Very warm
14. What bogus auctioneers do, unblushingly
15. There is oil in this
16. How you feel after paying your taxes
17. To be light-headed
19. Speeded
20. Causes mischief
23. Rub out
25. Keep it handy when you have a little lamb
26. Makes your road seem shorter
27. Stray
29. Illuminated

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete puzzle in ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee for two squares is SIXPENCE. Increase P.O. by 6d. for each additional two squares submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press, Ltd., and cross it / & Co./; write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, October 5.

2.—Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Solution and winners of this contest will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, October 19. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the first prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, October 31, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £400 to be divided between the runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should First Prize be shared £3,300 will be paid instead of dividing pension prize.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter the Competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press, Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

Look out for Next Week's BIG X-WORD SURPRISE!

Athlete (Hackney).—"I am very good at backward jumping." You can show your prowess when crossing a busy road.

The Editor Laughs LAST

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

A. B. (Foxton).—"Many brides never think of their futures." Think more of their presents?

MODISTE (Clapham).—"All women are wearing their skirts longer." Husbands and fathers haven't noticed it.

MRS. D. (Rye).—"The modern girl is abandoned." But not by the modern youth.

J. E. F. (Nunthorpe).—"Do you think I could conquer Chinese?" How big are they?

O. B. (Mitcham).—"My hubby was first attracted by the subtle perfume I used." So you got a ring through his nose?

J. B. (Settle).—"It's the little things that wreck marriage." Especially if the young beggars won't go to sleep.

CLERGYMAN (Leeds).—"Everybody's goal is different." In fact, it's pretty sure to be offside to some of the crowd.

B. R. (Putney).—"In the olden days the younger generation used to save up for a rainy day." Now they spend all their cash on an occasional wet night.

J. B. (St. Albans).—"Which do you prefer—large or small oysters?" Send five score of each and a stamped, addressed envelope.

D. S. (Oundle).—"Why are there so many pins in a shirt when it is returned by a laundry?" Probably to keep the shirt from falling apart.

K. M. (Dorking).—"In the old days women were little better than slaves." In other words, little better than their husbands.

M. B. (Woolwich).—"I don't hesitate to tell my husband that he is a fool." Though there was a time when you kept it to yourself.

A. G. R. (Malaya).—"Here there are fish that climb trees." The giddy kippers!

M. V. (Lewes).—"The domestic hen cannot fly far." Depends on the carver.

F. T. P. (Derby).—"I have nothing to add." Well, add this: 6, 3, 5, 6, 8, 9.

B. L. (Leeds).—"My wife refuses to kiss me unless I am perfectly sober." See letter below.

N. L. (Leeds).—"My husband never offers to kiss me now unless he is drunk." See letter above.

HUMOURIST (Derry).—"You will admit that this joke is at least original." We would go even farther. It is aboriginal.

J. M. (Perth).—"Since I came here I have spent my money like water." Yes; but not on water!

D. W. (Crewe).—"You say my drawings remind you of Shakespeare's, but he wasn't an artist." Quite!

L. S. (Monmouth).—"The motor-car has done way with the horse." But not with the ass.

R. T. (Clapham).—"Most modern girls display a liking for antiques." Especially if the antiques have plenty of money.

A. N. (Ashburton).—"I have seen the sun rise this year oftener than I can remember." And how old is the baby now?

PHYLLIS (Kent).—"Give me the man who can say 'No' to a drink." The trouble is we never seem to ask that kind to have one.

MRS. C. M. (Harrogate).—"There is a woman here who will follow my husband about. What should I do?" Get him to take a job as a postman.

T. H. (Glasgow).—"The typewriter has speeded up business." But business men have been detained at their offices much later since its inception.

E. H. J. (Shrewsbury).—"What do you do when your radio persists in making a high-pitched, shrieking noise?" Lower it gently into the dust-bin and win one of this week's fine Radio Gramophones on page 39.

J. H. (Glasgow).—"A famous orchestral conductor confesses to have been in love with exactly twenty beautiful women." Fond of an attractive score, so to speak.

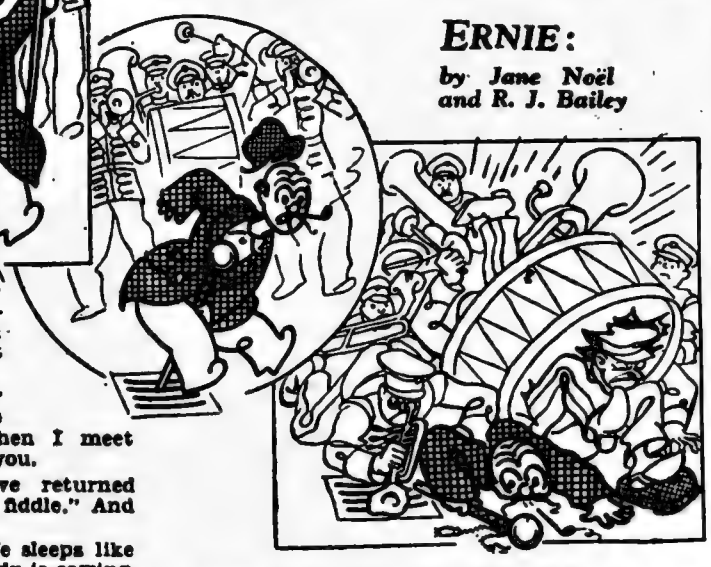
D. J. (Birmingham).—"I came home from Africa with a bronzed complexion, an iron constitution and plenty of tin." You are undoubtedly a man of metal.

P. R. (Leeds).—"My wife went out to buy a loaf three weeks ago and hasn't returned. What ought I to do?" Buy another loaf.

V. P. O. (Tynemouth).—"It's a wise child that knows its own father." Or its mother in these days of cosmetics and beauty culture.

E. B. (Hastings).—"I consider I have a perfect right to drown my sorrow." Providing, of course, you are not married to her.

F. T. (Shepperton).—"Traffic in many South Sea islands is now completely civilised." And nobody's life or limb is safe.



ERNIE:

by Jane Noël and R. J. Bailey

P. R. (Bournville).—Present-day beer is good medicine." It certainly isn't good beer.

C. M. (London).—"How ought I to treat a man who owes me several pounds when I meet him?" Don't—let him treat you.

BESS (Rochdale).—"I have returned from the seaside as fit as a fiddle." And with a new beau?

B. R. P. (Selby).—"My wife sleeps like a log." Not like one somebody is sawing, we trust.

T. M. (Aylesbury).—"England is still a great country to live in." But don't you sometimes think it's a bit over-rated?

F. N. (London, S.).—"An actress was recently presented with a parrot." She got the bird.

P. N. (Glasgow).—"Scots make excellent aviators." Because every cloud has a silver lining.

F. M. (Southport).—"I am sending you a manuscript." We are sending you a manuscript. The same one.

R. V. (Northallerton).—"Is Shakespeare dead?" We hope so. It's a long time since he was buried.

H. B. (Leeds).—"My girl's father was a professional footballer." So you make a point of always leaving early?

BERT (Shanklin).—"I am staying at a very posh, select hotel." Don't you mean waiting?

MAC (Perth).—"Scotchmen prefer tidiness." Yes; they even like their whisky neat.

NELL (Ventnor).—"My donkey managed to slip his saddle off." He saw you were a bare-backed rider?

B. F. (Walsall).—"Shoes and stockings with holes in them are a sure sign of poverty." But if they are mostly holes they are fashionable.

D. B. (Ayr).—"The day I went grouse-shooting I emptied only two barrels." Still, that's evidence of a pretty good thirst.

SHOP ASSISTANT (Liverpool).—"If I were a millionaire I would live at the same rate as I do now." When you have your half-day off?

W. T. (Margate).—"A plot to kidnap a well-known Hollywood actress was frustrated." We understand her publicity agent is now looking for another job.

P. B. (Warwick).—"Why shouldn't there be women painters and decorators?" But there are—watch any girl when she opens her handbag.

G. N. (Maida Vale).—"Tomatoes are grown in the roof-garden of a London theatre." But over-ripe specimens are not sold to critical patrons in the gallery.

MOTORIST (Caterham).—"The woman who was driving the car in front flung out her right hand and I pulled up sharp." Then she flicked the ash off her cigarette?

P. L. K. (Singleton).—"My wife is a regular live wire." So probably succeeds in giving you a nasty shock now and then.

MODERN GIRL (Ryde).—"Are we any worse than our mothers were?" No, and that's what some of you find so maddening.

ACTRESS (London, S.W.).—"As a class we are very loyal to each other." Certainly an understudy is always ready to take a star's part.

MRS. A. (Dundee).—"My daughter got the man she wanted." A really clever girl would have got the man some other girl wanted.

GLOBE-TROTTER (New York).—"I was captured by cannibals, but they decided not to eat me, and let me go." You're one of those tough guys, we presume.

G. H. (Billinghay).—"A man who was arrested for singing and yelling along a street said that a girl had just refused to marry him." Still, he needn't have rejoiced quite so openly.

A. W. (Herne Bay).—"An elderly woman has been kidnapped from her son-in-law's home in Chicago." We understand, however, that the latter has convinced his wife that his alibi is perfectly genuine.

MRS. K. (Mitcham).—"My husband is always out golfing, while I stay at home and mend the socks. I think we ought to change places occasionally." He wouldn't be so keen on holes then.

G. O. R. (Usk).—"Some of the girls at the seaside are so alluring that an impressionable young man is apt to lose his mental balance." To say nothing of the one he may have at the bank.

REX P. (Uppingham).—"As a rule, dogs are the most faithful animals to those they love." Yes, and on occasions they have even been known to become firmly attached to people they don't like.

VOCALIST (Bury).—"I feel sure he must have been a Devonshire man, as he was in tears after my rendering of 'Devon, Glorious Devon.'" Perhaps he was a musician.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

SKIN DISEASES

Marvellous Results of New Blood Treatment.

The New Elasto Treatment is bringing quick relief and permanent cure to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Varicose Veins, Bad Legs, Piles, and other Diseases of the Skin and Circulatory System.

It is prepared in tiny tablets to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the least costly and the most effective treatment ever devised.

This is the treatment referred to by Mr. W. Treagus, who says:—"I am writing to tell you of the wonderful results I have obtained from 'Elasto,' as advertised in 'John Bull.' I was laid up with sciatica for about a month, and since then I thought I was doomed to be a cripple, for my leg had almost wasted to the bone. Then I saw the advert. about 'Elasto' in 'John Bull,' and on the strength of it I decided to give it a trial. I have been using it for three weeks only, and I can walk almost as well as I did before the attack of sciatica. . . ."

Send for Free Sample.

Elasto treatment is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day, NOW! Or send 5/- for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!

The NEW ERA TREATMENT COMPANY, Ltd. (Dept. 15A), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

PILES!

Man Zan stops the irritation, soothes and heals internal, external blind or bleeding piles. A large tube, with special nozzle applicator, which makes this wonderful preparation easy to apply, costs but 3/-. Your chemist will tell you how good it is. Don't suffer in silence longer. Ask him about

Man Zan

Brand PILE REMEDY

To end constipation—Take De Witts Brand Little Laxaliver Pills. Price 1/3.

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE.

Graves 'FLIGHT' Model has Dunlop Tyres, Dunlop Saddle, Haas Renold Chain, Raised or Dropped Handlebars, bright parts Chromium Plated, full set of Accessories. Price Complete £3:17:6. No charge for instalment terms. Delivered Carriage Paid for £1/2 now & 14 monthly payments of £1/2. Lady's or Gent's same price. Write for CATALOGUE Gent's, Ladies' & Juvenile's Cycles

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

Herbs will cure all Your ills

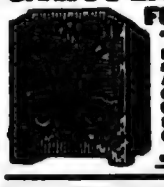
FREE BOOK. 112 pages packed with valuable herbal prescriptions which have cured thousands, together with full information on the treatment of ill-health and the value of simple Herbs. A Home Health Guide. Saves Doctor's Bills. Contains many illustrations and diagrams. Send for your copy NOW. Absolutely FREE to all readers in the British Isles. To readers abroad 1 - per copy.

J. ROBINSON & SONS (Bradford) LTD., 4, KUREM HOUSE, BRADFORD.

Send for Free Catalogue of Radio's Greatest Value

Turn to Philips' announcement on the Front Cover of this issue and send the Coupon for free particulars of the new Philips' Range of Receivers.

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY & VALUE



"FALCON" 2-Valve Battery Set in polished Oak Cabinet 16½ x 13½in. All-steel Chassis, W.B. Transformer, S.M. Air Condenser, Mullard Valves, Aerial Outfit. Price £5:15:0 or 6/- monthly. Catalogue Free. Radio Sets for Batteries or Mains, including Screened-Grid, Moving Coil, & Super-Het. Sets.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

ASTHMA and CATARRH Sufferers!

Turn to the offer on the Back Cover. A free trial supply of Dr. Singha (brand) Asthma Tablets or generous sample of Dr. Singha (brand) Catarrh Cure, together with free treatise and testimonials, will be sent on receipt of the coupon on the Back Cover. Enclose 3d. in stamps to cover postage.

THE days are drawing in—the nights are getting chilly. Soon you will be pulling your chair up to the fire. *But*—do you realise with what dramatic and appalling speed the homely atmosphere of the fireside can be transformed into a blazing inferno?

While your back is turned, burning soot may fall from the chimney on to the carpet—a spark may fly out—a log, a hot cinder may fall on to the woodwork next the hearth—and, in a flash, your precious possessions, and the lives of those you love are at the mercy of the fire fiend.

These are not accidents which "might" happen—they *have* happened, hundreds of times, in the homes of JOHN BULL readers, doing fearful damage and sometimes wiping out the savings of a lifetime.

Are your household goods covered against fire? Have you registered under JOHN BULL'S Great Free Family Insurance which covers the contents of your home free up to £1,000? Only JOHN BULL will give you this vital protection.

"Quite All Right."

Here is a letter from a Horspath, Oxon, reader, who is glad he signed the registration forms. "Your cheque will be a great help when we make a fresh start after the recent fire. I have been asked by friends if I was insured. When I replied 'Only in JOHN BULL,' they assured me it would be *quite* all right, as JOHN BULL would pay, and JOHN BULL *has* paid."

The vital forms are below. Why not put your signature to them now?

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address .....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 30/9/33

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....

Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

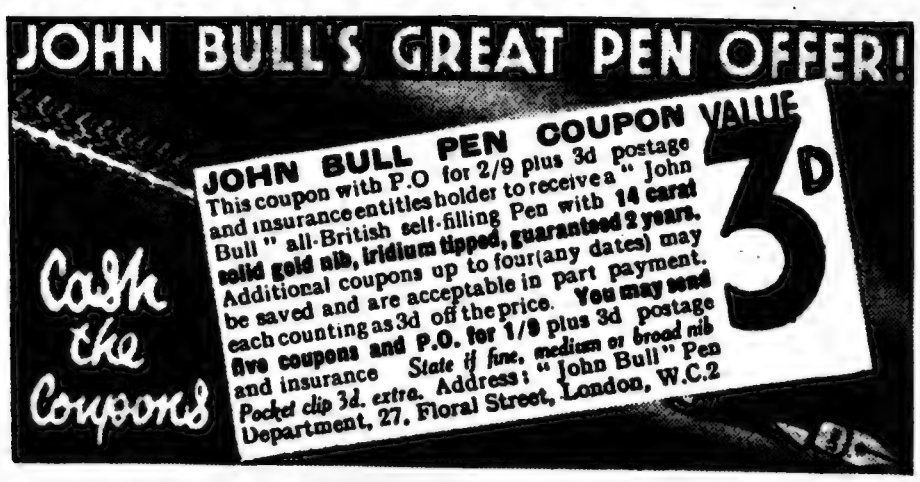
.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 30/9/33


JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER!
Cash the Coupons
JOHN BULL PEN COUPON VALUE 3D
This coupon with P.O for 2/9 plus 3d postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment. each counting as 3d off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9 plus 3d postage and insurance State if fine, medium or broad nib Pocket clip 3d. extra. Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2

ABOVE you see the birthplace of *Bullets*, of the competition which next week is to celebrate its Coming of Age.

Yes, for twenty-one years an unbroken stream of prize envelopes has poured out from the offices of JOHN BULL, and £600,000 is a conservative estimate of their contents.

In all the years, however, you have never seen a prize-list as fine as that which I have prepared for next week's Celebration Offer.

The King of Offers

For the First Prize-winner there is to be a staggering choice between two huge Pension-plus-Fortune awards. He, or she, will be able to receive a Life Pension of £10 a week, *plus* a £1,000 fortune. If a huge lump sum and a smaller pension is preferred, JOHN BULL will pay instead a cheque for the colossal amount of £4,000, *plus* a Pension of £2 a week for life!

This mammoth award, moreover, is only one of 21 splendid prizes which mark our twenty-first birthday. The other chief winners are to receive cheques for £250, £100, £75, £50, £40, £35, £30, £29, £28, £27, £26, £25, £24, £23, £22, £21, £20, £15, £10 and £5.

Our Birthday Offer, you see, is bringing the finest opportunities in all the long history of *Bullets*.

Potted Philosophy

One of the many ways of getting yourself into the prize-list in our contest is to put a little of yourself into your *Bullets*.

That is how a Manchester tramdriver, Mr. F. Mawson, 63, Hassall Avenue, Withington, has just climbed to one of the highest rungs of the prize ladder.

You will recall, no doubt, his telling Second Prize *Bullet* which appeared last week—GIVING UP—SETTING YOURSELF *Bigger* "CONUNDRUM."

"My advice to fellow competitors who have yet to score," adds this £50 winner, "is in my *Bullet*."

His Two Helpers

I hear from Mr. Mawson that he has two valued helpers with his *Bullets*.

The first is his wife, whose criticisms have often saved him from entering *Bullets* which could never have scored a success.

The second is what he terms "the cheery and helpful *Bullets Bulletin*," the free weekly guide to the prize-list which I founded in 1929 and has since helped hundreds of "Bulleteers" to victory.

I advise you to use the coupon on opposite page to secure a regular supply yourself.

One Last Opportunity

Despite the fact that Radio Gramophones are the most welcome prizes ever seen in our *Bullets* offers, those featured this week with an enormous First of £1,000 are definitely the last batch of the present series.

As a result of previous offers of these up-to-date instruments, as many as 31 are already giving entertainment nightly in the homes of "Bulleteers." But none of their winners had the added advantage of being able to choose a collection of 25 records at JOHN BULL'S expense.

That is the big extra privilege of Radio Gramophone winners in this week's contest, and it is up to you to secure a place amongst them.

The £500,000 Book

In connection with next week's colossal 21st Birthday Offer I have arranged a £500,000 surprise in the form of a valuable *Bullets* Handbook which money cannot buy.

I remember the piles of appreciative letters which followed the distribution of our 20th Birthday Gifts last October. But when these unique volumes are in the hands of their recipients, our postman is going to have a still busier time, for this Birthday Gift Book is definitely the finest help to the prize-list which has ever been published.

And yet, as you will see when the offer appears in these pages next week, it will not cost you as much as a farthing!

Tip From a Barber

I had an interesting letter the other day from Mr. Henry Stone, the young barber of 32, Anglesea Road, Shirley, Southampton, who secured a First Prize of £1,500 and a Millionaire's Week-end a few weeks ago.

He has just purchased a new house out of his prize-money—and he is filling it with entertainment, he tells me, by adding a fine Radio Gramophone.

It was amusing to read one of the many letters he has received as the result of his success: "Does JOHN BULL really pay out these big prizes?" was its sender's strange inquiry.

Well, Mr. Stone, you know all about that!

STUDY THESE WINNERS

"IT wasn't until I really studied the winners that I saw there was something more in *Bullets* than I first thought," says the writer of the eighth of the First Prize *Bullets* recalled for your assistance below.

Next week's issue will bring you a further batch of winners to study—the best *Bullets* entered in Competition No. 908. Meanwhile, let a study of the First Prize gems below help you to add a First Prize *Bullet* to one of this week's *Examples*.

HER MOTHER—
MAKES SERGEANT SEEM MOTHERLY.
ALL FATHER CAN DO—
WHISPER "GET WELL, BABY!"
TO SETTLE THE DEBT—
TO PARENTS, BE "CREDIT."
HOPELESS—
THINGS SEEM? THINK! SCHEME!
MAN'S RIGHT—
HAND—SCIENCE, RIGHTLY HANDLED.
BY THE STREAM—
"MILLSTONE" FLOATS GENTLY AWAY.
ROUND THE WORLD—
"BENDING"—WORLD ROUNDING BEND.
TO PUT THINGS RIGHT—
FIX "STANDARDS" ABOVE GOLD.
AT THE CONFERENCE—
WORD-SPINNING—WORD REELING.
CURE FOR DEPRESSION—
"QUICK ONE," QUACK ONE.
GARDEN OF PEACE—
HELP YOURSELF "TO PRODUCE"!
SELDOM CONSIDERED—
ETERNITY—THERE'S NO TIME!
MY TIP—TO TRENCHARD—
"GO QUIETLY!"
IN A WEAK MOMENT—
DON'T OVERTHROW "LIFE'S EDIFICE."
FEARSOME BEAST—
TO-DAY'S "JUNGLE," TO-MORROW?

THIS WEEK ONLY... CLOSING OCT. 7...
GIANT 4-FIGURE FIRST...
£1,000
...and FINAL RADIO GRAMOPHONES
£100 AND RADIO GRAMOPHONE PLUS RECORDS
£50 AND RADIO GRAMOPHONE PLUS RECORDS
£25 AND RADIO GRAMOPHONE PLUS RECORDS
5 or £5
10 or £2-10
25 or £1 .... 500 or 2/6
2,000 RED SEAL 'TARGETS'
8,000 'TARGET' PRIZES
Plus 27-GUINEA PYE RADIO GRAMOPHONE
AND 25 RECORDS CHOSEN BY WINNER
THE BAND ST RADIO OPHONE WINNERS
YOUR RADIO GRAMOPHONE...
will be one of the same magnificent "PYE" instruments which enable scores of past winners to enjoy nightly radio and gramophone concerts. It can be supplied for use either with Electric Mains or Batteries and will be a source of lasting entertainment for your home.
"To hear my favourite records on my 'Pye' Radio Gramophone was a revelation—and to bring in any station dial once and such wonderful clarity is remarkable." Mr. Hopgood, 12, Lobelia Avenue, Farnworth.
"The Radio Gramophone is beyond my wildest dreams in tone and appearance being perfect." Mrs. R. Oxley, 22, Batternberg Avenue, North End, Portsmouth.
"What a beauty! It seems too good to be true that such a prize could be yours for nothing." Mrs. A. Wrigley, 35, Higher Eanam, Blackburn.
RECORDS too!
EACH WINNER OF A RADIO GRAMOPHONE THIS WEEK WILL BE INVITED TO CHOOSE ANY 25 RECORDS, THE COST OF WHICH WILL BE MET BY "JOHN BULL"

Prizes increased to Value over £1,400!

BEFORE you to-day is this year's last enormous offer of big cheques with Radio Gramophones. And you will see that the sender of the best *Bullet* is to receive with his Radio Gramophone a First Prize cheque increased to the giant sum of £1,000.

A novel extra attraction is also seen this week, for each winner of one of these 27-Guinea "Pye" instruments will be invited to choose any 25 records to accompany it.

Such splendid 3-in-1 prizes as these have never been within your reach before, so start at once on the fascinating work of making some good *Bullets*.

Your home may soon be full of melody and your pocket full of money if your entry reaches JOHN BULL by Saturday, October 7.

HOW TO MAKE BULLETS

TO make a *Bullet* you have only to add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* herewith.

Whatever line of thought you work upon, see that your final effort reads as smoothly as possible and links up neatly with your chosen *Example*. The more unusual its wording, of course, the less likely is it to be thought of by others.

You might, for instance, decide to work upon the *Example* RAMSAY'S PROBLEM. And your first jotting might be something like *Unemployment Is Sure His Main One*.

Cutting this down and polishing up the phrasing, you could readily evolve the finished *Bullet*, RAMSAY'S PROBLEM—UNSOLVED—STILL. "MILLIONS OUT."

Now spend a few minutes studying closely the big winners from recent prize-lists printed on the opposite page.

Having absorbed these practical lessons in *Bullets* construction, get busy with your own efforts and the thrilling First Prize telegram may arrive for you on Friday, October 20.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

RAMSAY'S PROBLEM
OVER IN IRELAND
PUBLIC IDOL
NEW TO THE GAME
VOICE OF THUNDER
SPREADING LIKE WILDFIRE
ALL OVER THE VILLAGE
"FORK OUT!"
ASKED EVERYWHERE
PRICE OF PLEASURE
DOWN—DOWN—DOWN
AT HUBBY'S OFFICE
DREAM OF DELIGHT
FIT FOR A KING
PAID FOR
PRIDE OF THE REGIMENT
IN A FURY
SOBBING
MAN FROM THE YARD
SORRY HE SPOKE
SOME PEOPLE
RIGHT AND WRONG
HER PARTNER
FOUND HIMSELF
DAD'S A POLICEMAN, SO
WHEN THE DEED'S DONE
SURPRISES ME
BE CAREFUL AND
TO START WITH
WAY TO TURN
WHAT SCIENCE HAS DONE
PAIN AND SUFFERING
IN YEARS TO COME
NOT TO BE
THE BUTCHER
HAPPY AS A SCHOOLBOY

HELP FOR YOU FREE!

If you want to make better *Bullets*, to learn from the experience of past winners and to read a weekly article by *John Bull's* Competition Editor, accept this free offer.

Let "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* be your guide to success. It can be yours every Thursday for the mere halfpenny postage, together with *John Bull's* helpful *Crossword Gazette* and *Passing Show's* cheery *Couplets Courier*.

POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT!

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "& Co." payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, commencing with the next available issue.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2.

(*Do not send this coupon with "Bullets" entry.*)

GIGANTIC

—but even this word is not big enough for our magnificent 2nd Birthday Offer coming next week —on full details on opposite page

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible.

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co."

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(911) Closing SAT., Oct. 7 — P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. — Signed _____ Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR Words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(911) Closing SAT., Oct. 7 — P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. — Signed _____ Address _____

Write name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(911) Closing SAT., Oct. 7 — P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. — Signed _____ Address _____

Cut out each coupon separately.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(911) Closing SAT., Oct. 7 — P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. — Signed _____ Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 911, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

The original cheque for £999 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 907 will be displayed in the window of Messrs. Smith and Henry, 232, Northdown Road, Margate.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 911 actually purchase "John Bull."

The result of Competition No. 908 will appear next week.

AMAZING TESTIMONY FROM SUFFERERS OF ASTHMA

At last! This terrible scourge CAN BE BANISHED!

PROOF!

ORIGINAL LETTERS MAY BE SEEN ON OUR FILE.

"THE best treatment the WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN." "The tablets are WORTH THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD." "I have been COMPLETELY CURED." "I was told I was incurable—now consider I AM CURED." "They have been WONDERFUL." "I WISH EVERY POOR SUFFERER COULD KNOW ABOUT THEM." "I am getting wonderful relief after 40 YEARS' SUFFERING." "I am grateful—your treatment has cured me." "I hardly know how to express my Gratitude."

INDIAN DOCTOR'S DISCOVERY BRINGS RELIEF AND JOY TO LIVES OF THOUSANDS

—Mostly Chronic Sufferers

You who have suffered for years from health-destroying Asthma can now know the delight of easy, regular breathing and deep, undisturbed sleep.

BRITISH MISSIONARY'S WIFE CURED.

This marvellous remedy was discovered by an Indian Doctor. A British missionary in India was prevailed upon to give it to his wife, herself a martyr to Asthma. She was completely cured. So amazed was the missionary that he succeeded in persuading the Indian doctor to disclose the formula for the benefit of sufferers in the "Home Country." **Now, you too can prove, as did the missionary's wife and thousands of others, that Asthma is no longer incurable.**

Why continue to make your life a misery? Broken rest, that constant worn-out, suffocating feeling, depression and discomfort, can be things of the past. Haggard looks and hacking cough, no appetite, poor digestion—say good-bye to them.

READ THE UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS.

Read the letters on the right and judge for yourself. You can sense the gladness and relief that this great discovery has meant to men and women like you. Believing that at last their Asthma might be cured, they sent a form similar to the one below, and after complete and lasting relief, wrote us their whole-hearted praise. . .

EVERY ONE OF THESE LETTERS IS TRUTHFUL AND UNSOLICITED.

Sufferers in 65 countries have taken Dr. Singha (Brand) Tablets and won relief from the Asthma scourge. In fairness to yourself you should learn more, at once, about this great Asthma remedy.

SEND TO-DAY FOR FREE TRIAL SUPPLY AND FREE BOOK.

Here is your opportunity. Take it NOW and end once and for all that terrible, nerve racking cough and sleepless, endless nights. Stop the strain on your heart, and the risk of pneumonia. Fill in the coupon on the right, With each TRIAL SUPPLY will be sent a booklet giving some of the thousands of letters received from sufferers who, thanks to Dr. Singha (Brand) Tablets, are now happily free from Asthma. A further book will be included, which is a complete and comprehensive Treatise by Dr. Singha.

Once more read the testimonials (**every one** unsolicited). Then post the coupon. We know that it will be a day you will remember all your life with gratitude and pleasure.

Free to Catarrh Sufferers

For the benefit of those who suffer from Catarrh the application form includes a free Trial Supply of Dr. SINGHA (Brand) CATARRH CURE. This Catarrh remedy clears the system of the phlegm which clogs the lungs, tonsils, nose and head. It must be remembered Catarrh can become serious, leading to Bronchitis, Asthma and Pneumonia.

Test Dr. Singha's Treatment FREE. Post the application form and you will receive a generous trial supply of this proved successful remedy, also an explanatory Treatise on the Cause and Cure of Catarrh.

Mrs. A. M., of Keighley, Yorks, writes:—"I have had Cararrh deafness for 50 years, but thanks to your remarkable treatment my hearing is great!" Hosts of other testimonials—all unsolicited.

MORE PROOF!

Every Testimonial is entirely unsolicited.

AMAZING TRIBUTES!

Doctors fail—but she is now CURED.

Mrs. H. H., Monmouth:—"At last, I am writing to you re Dr. Singha's catment. I have been waiting to see if I had any return of the Asthma. It is now over twelve months since I felt anything of it, so I consider that I am CURED. I suffered severely for several years and was told by three different Doctors that I was incurable and would never be any better. I can never speak too highly of your Tablets."

Suffered for 16 years—now CURED.

Mrs. J. E., Leicester:—"Bernard has just had three bottles of the Tablets and has been free from Asthma, and I think he is now CURED. He had suffered since he was two years of age and is now 16."

Ease after the first Tablet—"a godsend to me."

Mrs. R. J. C., Norwich:—"I feel I must write and tell you of the wonderful results derived from your Tablets. Having suffered from Chronic Asthma for many years, I gave up hope of ever being well again, having tried endless so-called 'cures' without success. As a last chance I tried Dr. Singha's Asthma Cure Tablets, and after taking the first one felt eased; now, having taken four bottles of these, I can honestly say that I feel better than I have done for years, and I would not be without them. They are a godsend to me."

Splendid Result in Three Days.

Mrs. J., Aberystwyth:—"The result of your treatment in three days is splendid. I have not felt better for the last twenty years, and am very grateful for your treatment."

"I thank God for you and your Tablets."

Mr. M. M., Sheffield:—"I cannot express my gratitude for what your wonderful Tablets have done for me in so short a time. I can hardly realise it after just two days' treatment, as I slept all night the first time for many months. More wonderful still, I can lie down in a natural, comfortable position—the first time for nearly two years. My friends look at me with wonder to see the change in me, and a few [illegible] for you and your [illegible]

"Yours [illegible] me."

Mr. J. R., W. Kirby:—"I am grateful to you. Your treatment has cured me and I hope that your WONDERFUL TABLETS may cure many others as they have done for me."

Completely cured after one bottle.

Mr. H. H., Mc. [illegible]:—"I am completely cured after taking only one bottle of your WONDERFUL TABLETS. I have recommended the tablets to all I know."

"Your wonderful cure."

Mrs. E. W., London:—"I hardly know how to express my gratitude to you for your wonderful CURE, and the relief I have had since taking your treatment. Before me, I did not know what it was to wake up in the night without having to fight for my breath—especially after taking part of a pint in the morning. "I can now [illegible] without puffing and panting. I wish you EVERY SUCCESS."

FREE *Trial Supply and Free Book*

CUT OUT AND POST.

To Dr. SINGHA ASTHMA CURE CO., Dept. B.1., CAERNARVON, ENGLAND.

Please send me without charge Treatise, Testimonials, and

1. Sample of "Dr. Singha (Brand) Asthma Tablets" (3d. in stamps enclosed).
2. Sample of "Dr. Singha (Brand) Catarrh Cure" (3d. in stamps enclosed).

Please cross out which not required.

WRITE PLAINLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME .....
(State if Mr., Mrs., Miss or Title.)

ADDRESS .....

.....

Age..... How long suffered.....

71 B24

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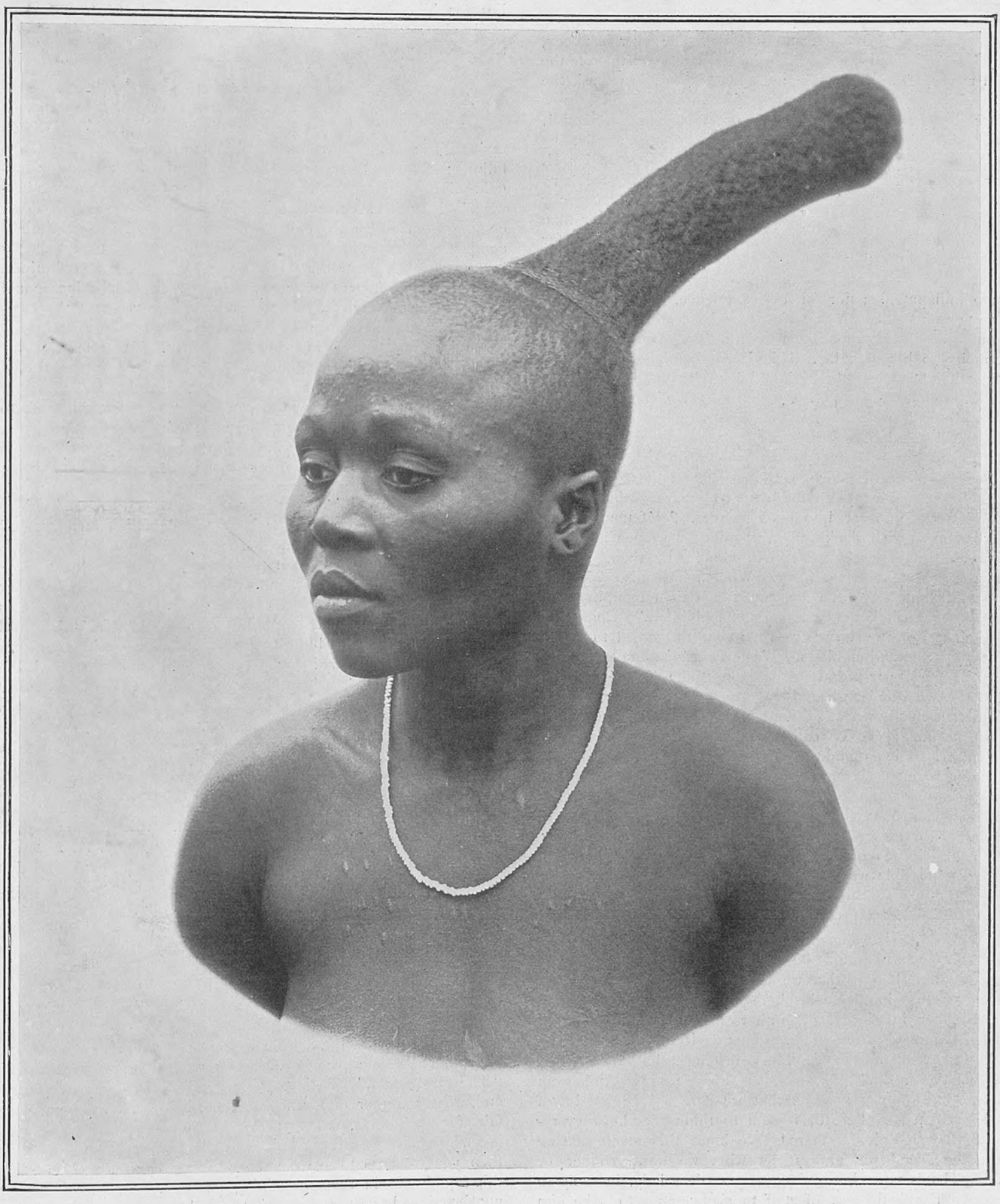
The Sketch

No. 872.—Vol. LXVIII. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1909. SIXPENCE.



THE CHIRGWIN CHIGNON: A KAFFIR COIFFURE.

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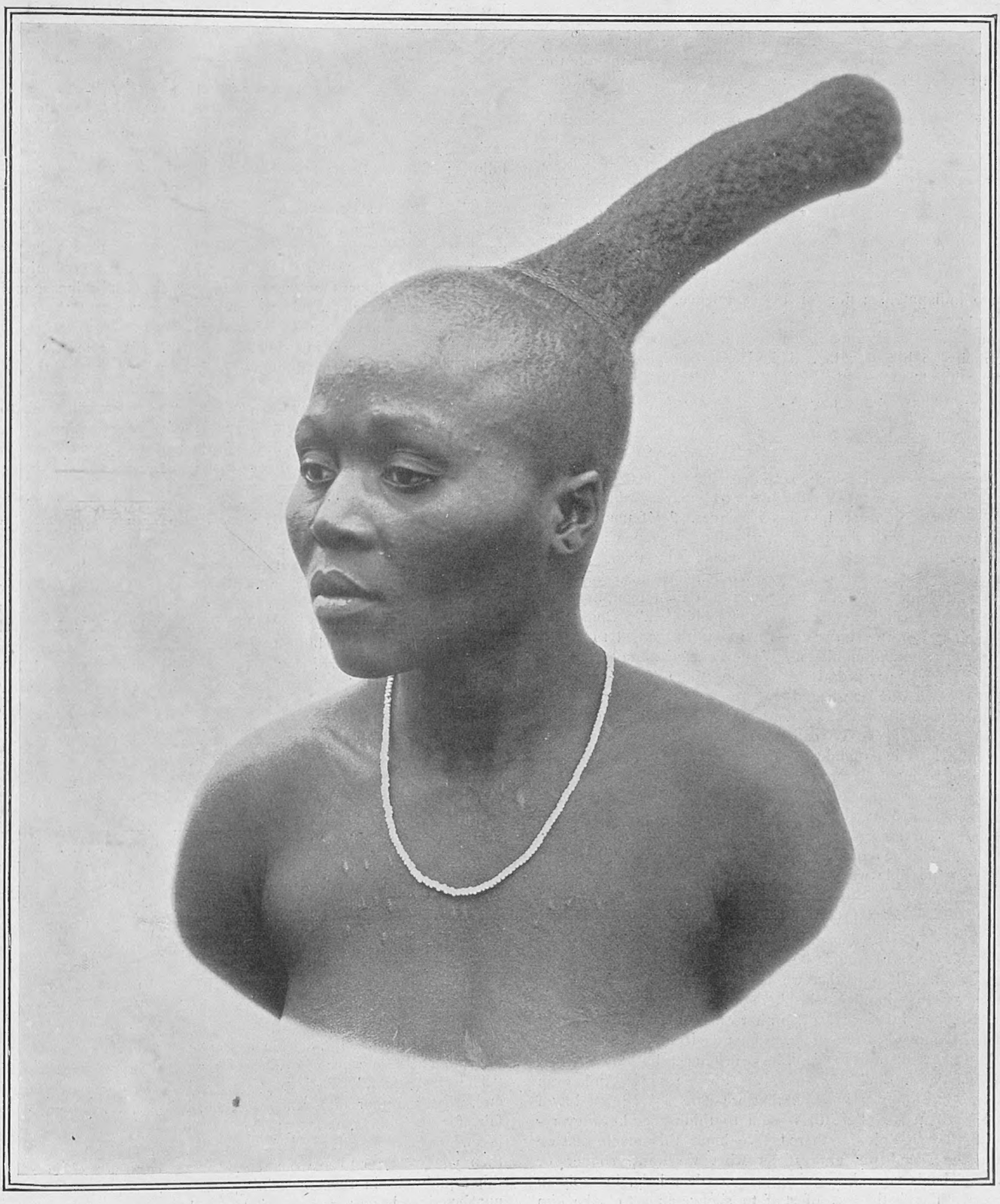

THE CHIRGWIN CHIGNON: A KAFFIR COIFFURE.